# Sir Real's

## UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

## Rip Off Comix #18

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Tym Manley - 10-11(s)
Charlie Schlingo - 3+, 12-16
Douglas Michael - 3+, 17-19
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F. Margarin - 3+, 27-29
R. L. Crabb - 3+, 30-33
Larry Todd - 3+, 34-35
Tim Pueyo - 36-40(s)
Gavin Wood - 3+, 36-40(a)
Lisa Baker - 36-40(l)
Ace Backwords - 3+, 41
D. Worden - 3+, 42-45
Lindsey Arnold - 3+, 46
Paul Caraft - 3+, 47-50
Tony Bell - 52+

# RIP OFF No. 18

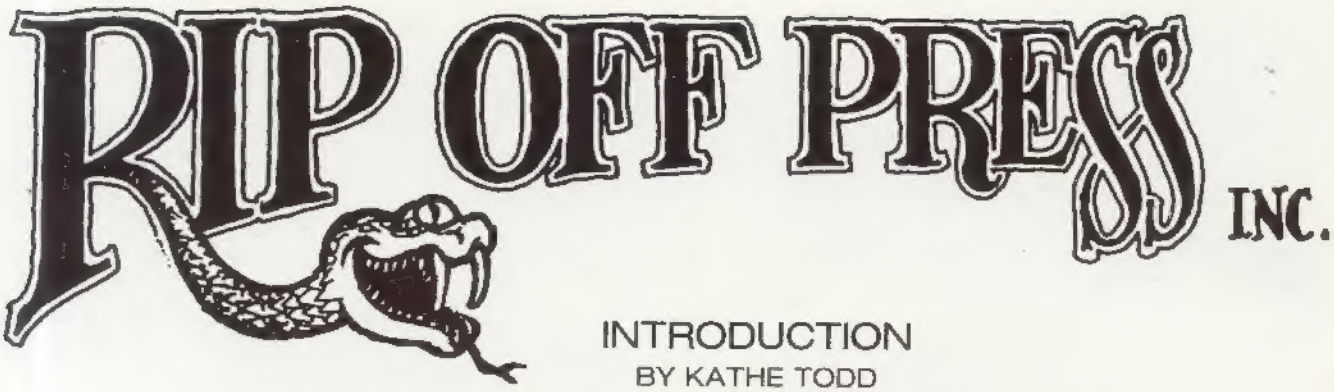
## INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF COMICS

RIP OFF PRESS
2.95
4.50 CAN.

ADULTS ONLY

## MARTIANS AMONG US

Each year thousands of people are attacked by Martians posing as human beings. The only - repeat: ***only*** - way to stop them is with the ***Martian handgreeting,*** pictured below. This signal must be flashed within one-half second, or the loathsome alien will turn on you.




## INTRODUCTION

BY KATHE TODD

**Frappington Wildebeest 7h** is sunning himself on the Riviera we hear. Hasn't anybody warned that guy about skin cancer? He did manage to send us some more great comix from France and elsewhere though.

Taking this issue from the top: **R. Diggs**, famed political cartoonist who produced "Great Diggs" for the Rip Off Comix Syndicate in the mid-to-late 70's and has worn a suit and tie working as a graphic artist in more recent years, re-enters the underground comix scene with **"The Sisterhood,"** a piece reminiscent of his lusty "Life and Loves of Cleopatra" mini-comic from the 60's. From **England** we have an installment of **Dan Manley and Hunt Emerson's** hilarious and ribald **"The Firkin Version,"** in which "that Firkin Cat!" casts a cynical eye on the foibles of humanity. **"Change Your Drawers, Change Your Life"** is French cartoonist **Charlie Schlingo's** answer to the problem of ditching a girlfriend. **"The Geldings"** by **Douglas Michael** is guaranteed to contain **no** naughty bits. **Foolbert Sturgeon** wraps up his continuing saga of **Amazons** vs. Greeks at the Battle of Troy, and **Frank Margerin's "Lucien"** shows us how to make out with girls. Next is a gut-splitting true story **"Night of the Rat-Pussy"** by **R.L. Crabb**, who edited the last issue of *Rip Off.* We have two satirical one-pagers by *Dr. Atomic's* **Larry Todd**, and some bittersweet cartoon poetry by **Tim Pueyo and Gavin Wood.** Nutball Berkeley cartoonist **Ace Backwords** answers the question, **"What is Sex?"** Then **Dennis Worden's "Stickboy in F.T.W."** story, begun last issue, continues. Worden, incidentally, recently became the first and only male cartoonist ever to be published in an issue of *Tits & Clits*. Next we introduce **Lindsay Arnold**, the Tasmanian Terror, with the (more-or-less) true **"One Day Mit Der Furore."** Finally **Paul Carali,** who gave us the hysterical "Fooh, Fooh" in *Rip Off No. 17*, checks in with another tale of intramarital strife in **"The Snorer."**

**IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:** Time to **Rock and Roll!** Rock has been a major influence on practically everybody under the age of 55 in our country today. Some of your favorite cartoonists joined by several terrific talents new to these pages look at the subject from a wide range of viewpoints. Plus more "Stickboy," and a great collection of other comix from some of the best cartoonists in the business!

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PAUL CARALI

EVER SINCE ITS DESIGNATION AS A GALACTIC RECOVERY ZONE, THERE HAVE BEEN REGULAR VISITS TO OUR EARTHY PLANET...

WAKE UP YOU TWO! THE CAPTAIN WANTS YOU READY FOR A CROP DROP IN 20 MINUTES!

BACK OFF MOTHER- WE'RE JUST OUT OF SEX-PENSION, AND I'VE HARDLY OPENED MY THIGHS

DROPPING FROM THE NIGHT OF SPACE - A RAVEN CLASS HARVEST VESSEL APPROCHES FROM THE...

# SISTERHOOD

WELL, HURRY UP - THESE F.B.C's* AREN'T VERY STABLE YOU KNOW...

DON'T WORRY, LOOSELIPS, WE'RE **PROS**! WHEN MY TRAINEE HONEY POT AND I GET BACK - YOU'LL NEED A BUCKET!

*FREE BREEDING COLONY

FAR BELOW, WITH A QUART OF WHISKEY SITTING BETWEEN THEM - BILLY BOB AND BO HEAD HOME FROM THE RED DOG BAR AND GRILL -

DAMN! BILLY BOB BUT THAT MARY BETH SHOR HAS NICE PERT TITS!

DANG RIGHT BO - DID YOU SEE HER **JUMP** WHEN I PINCHED HER ASS?

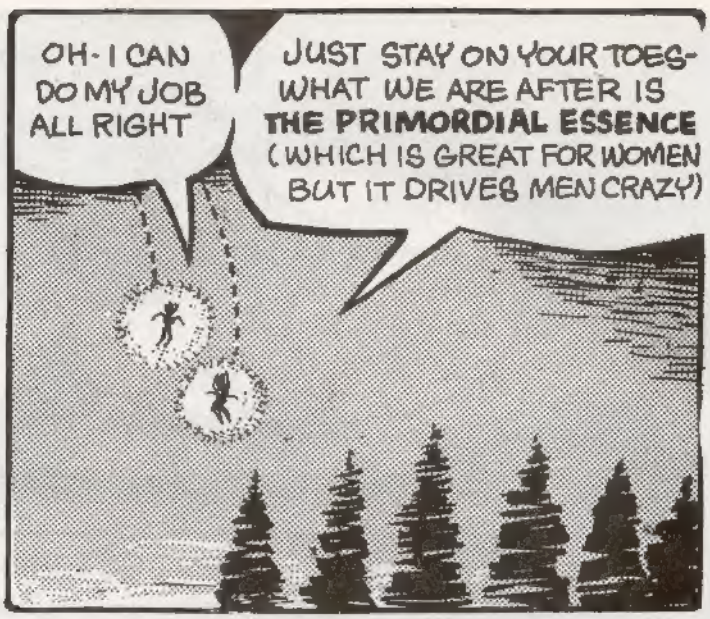
SHOR DID 'CUS SHE SPILT THE COFFEE IN MY LAP! HAR HAR IT GAVE ME A HOTTER PECKER THAN YOURS, BILLY BOB
HA HA YOU SHOR WAS FUNNY BO-GIMME THAT JUG!
...SALVAGE CREW READY TO DEPLOY, CAPTAIN
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME

WE HAVE TWO HOT AND RIPE SUB-HUMANS SPOTTED NOW
I DON'T GET THIS

IF THEY ARE A SUB-SPECIES- WE CAN'T USE THEM-BE FAIR CALL THEM WHAT THEY ARE
OK-MEN THEN BUT WHEN YOU'VE SERVED AS LONG AS I HAVE - YOU WON'T SOUND SO SAPPY!

LOOK, I REALISE OUR SISTERHOOD COULD NEVER HAVE ACHIEVED WORLD PEACE WITH ECOLOGICAL HARMONY AND UNIVERSAL PROSPERITY IF WE HADN'T GROUND ALL THE LITTLE BOYS INTO DOG FOOD...
AND I KNOW OUR GENE POOL NEEDS TO BE FRESHENED UP FROM TIME TO TIME-SO WHY DIDN'T WE JUST SAVE A FEW OF OUR OWN?
BELIEVE ME, IT'S LESS HASSLE THIS WAY- NOW CUT THE CRAP AND GRAB SOME ROPE!
AND GET OUT OF THAT DUMB ROBE

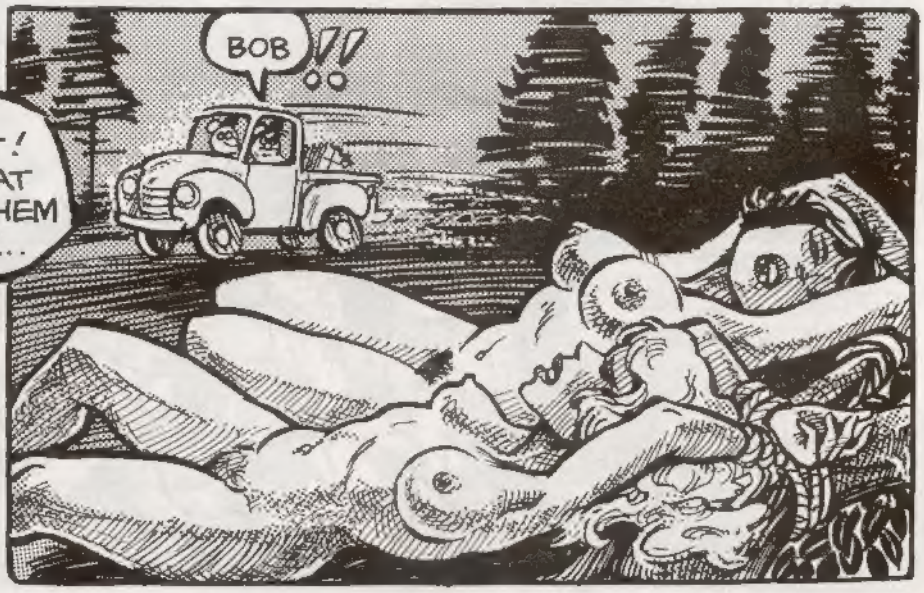
BUT, COULDN'T WE JUST **TRY** TREATING THEM WITH A LITTLE **RESPECT**?
HEY, SWEETY WE'VE BEEN TRAINED TO DO A JOB-NOT GET MUSHY


OH-I CAN DO MY JOB ALL RIGHT
JUST STAY ON YOUR TOES-WHAT WE ARE AFTER IS **THE PRIMORDIAL ESSENCE** (WHICH IS GREAT FOR WOMEN BUT IT DRIVES MEN CRAZY)

AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH THE STARRY NIGHT - BILLY BOB BECOMES THOUGHT-FULL...
YOU KNOW BO, THE MAIN THING WRONG WITH GRABBING ASS IN A RESTURANT-IS WELL, IT'S ALL THEM **OTHER PEOPLE**!

YEAH-YOU CAN'T EXACTLY WHANG AWAY ON HER WITH THE COOK AND HER PA HANGIN' ROUND
YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE BO?

I'D LIKE TO FIND SOME NICE YOUNG PUSSY RIGHT OUT HERE IN THIS DESERTED LONELY WOOD!
SHE-IT! MAKE THAT **TWO** OF THEM BILLY...


BOB!!

NOW REMEMBER
SCREEEEEE
TO COMMUNICATE YOU HAVE TO KEEP IT PRIMITIVE
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
SOUND OF PICK UP BACKING UP
WELL, WELL, WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE TWO HELPLESS FEMALES TIED TO A TREE!
HOT DAMN BO! YOU DON'T THINK IT'S A TRICK DO YOU?
IT'S ALL READY TOO LATE! ONCE WITHIN THE TEN YARD EROGENOUS ZONE THE CHEMICAL AND VOCAL ONSLAUGHT IS OVERWHELMING
OOH!
OOH!
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT BILLY BOB– THESE GIRLS NEED OUR HELP AND IT'S OUR DUTY AS MEN TO LET THEM HAVE IT!
RIGHT AGAIN, BO – I'LL HELP THIS ONE WITH THE PERT TITS
OH!

ALL CAUTION GONE, BILLY BOB AND BO THROW THEM SELVES ON THE WOMEN LIKE WOLVES ON A KILL!

**IT'S A TRAP!**

PREHENSILE LABIA AND SIXTEEN SPECIAL MUSCLES DO THE REST

**THE MEN ARE HELPLESS**

BRED AND TRAINED FOR CENTURIES TO THEIR TASK-MASTER SNATCHER AND HER YOUNG SKILLED TRAINEE SQUIRM, THROB, VIBRATE AND LUNGE LIKE THE TRUE ATHLETES THEY ARE!

BILLY BOB AND BO ARE ELECTRIFIED! CONVULTIONS SURGE THROUGH THEIR BODIES AS ONE SPASM AFTER ANOTHER CLIMAXES INTO THE VOID OF UNCONCIOUSNESS - ONLY TO BE CALLED BACK BY THE WILD URGES OF THE DEMANDING WOMEN

WAKE UP!

MORE!

WAKE UP!

MORE!

MORE!

10 MINUTES LATER:

AH-YOU'RE BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED

THEY WERE RIPER THAN EXPECTED

GOOD- NOW GET TO EXTRACTION IMMEDIATELY! YOU HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND OF MY GRAND-DAUGHTERS DRIPPING DOWN YOUR LEGS

GASP! HOLY SHIT BO- WAIT 'TILL THE BOYS HEAR ABOUT **THIS!**

DON'T BOTHER THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT

WELL TRAINEE DO YOU STILL HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE SUB-HUMANS?

ANIMALS! WHO NEEDS THEM!

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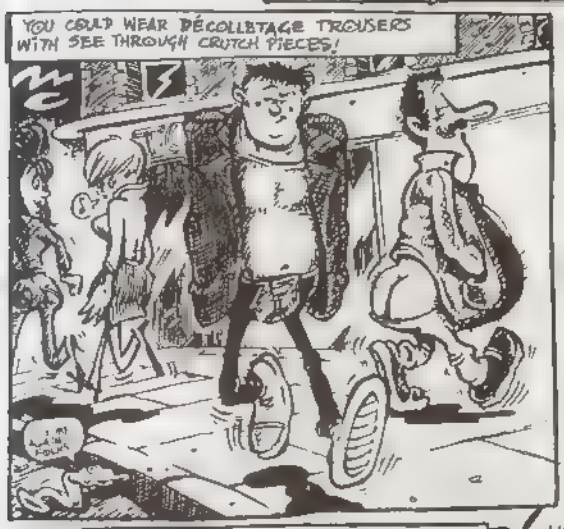
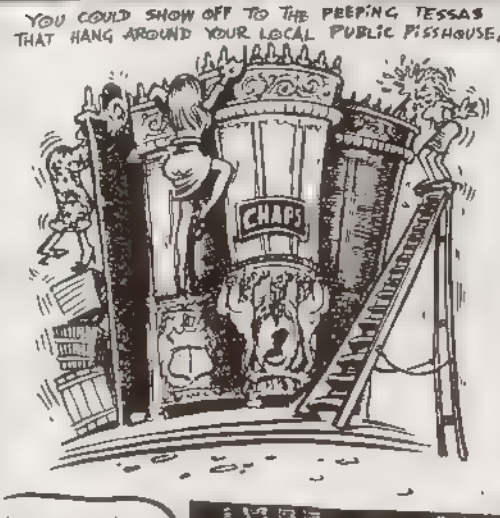
OK! STOP LICKIN' YER ARSES AND ATTEND TO ME! THIS IS
The FIRKIN VERSION ©
Written by TYM MANLEY • Drawn by HUNT EMERSON

HAVE YOU FELLERS EVER THOUGHT WHAT FUN YOU COULD HAVE IF...

....MEN WERE COY ABOUT SEX?!
OH RON, RON BABY!
JULIE! YOU KEEP YOUR DIRTY HANDS TO YOURSELF!
...OF COURSE I LOVES YER, SANDY, BUT I'M SAVIN' IT FOR OUR WEDDIN' NIGHT..
BUS STOP

WOMEN WOULD START YEARNING TO SEE YER BODIES!


YOU COULD WEAR DÉCOLLETAGE TROUSERS WITH SEE THROUGH CRUTCH PIECES!

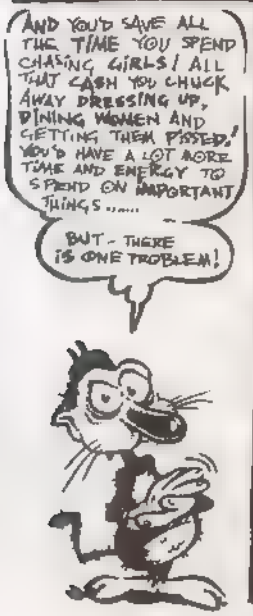

YOU COULD SHOW OFF TO THE PEEPING TESSAS THAT HANG AROUND YOUR LOCAL PUBLIC PISSHOUSE!
CHAPS

BETTER! ALL THIS TALK OF MEN "HAVING" WOMEN, "TAKING" AND "MAKING" THEM WOULD CHANGE!

SEX WOULD STOP BEING ALL YOUR FAULT!
AND THEN, FATHER, SHE.. SHE TOOK MY MISTERHEAD..

..AND ABOUT TIME TOO! IT'S OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE THAT WHEN A MAN FINISHES "TAKING" A WOMAN, 'TS THE MAN THAT COMES AWAY WITH LESS THAN HE STARTED WITH!

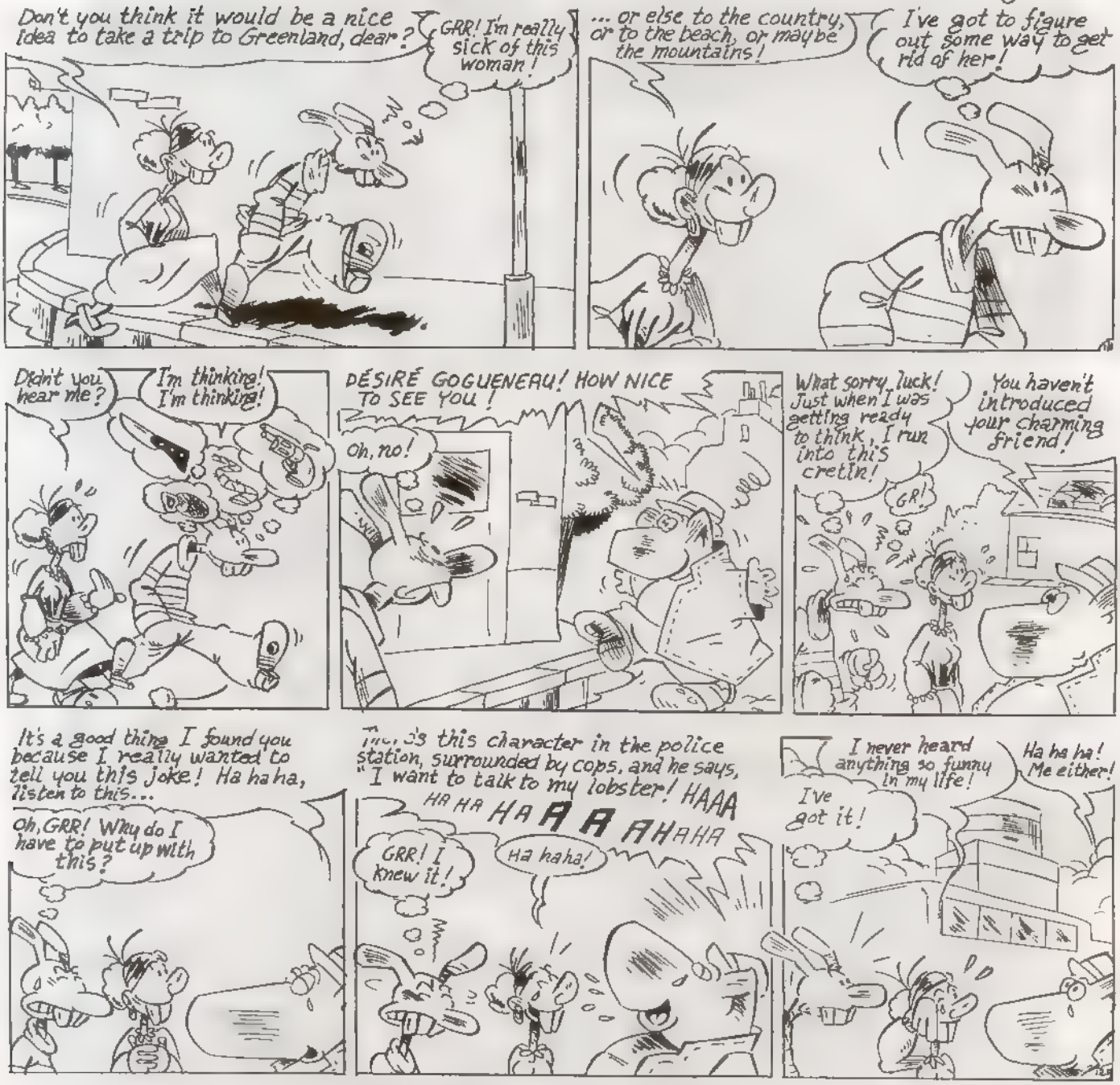
HOW MUCH TO COVER IT WITH CREAM AND LAP IT OFF EVER SO SLO-O ONLY?
SORRY DON'T DO PERVERTIONS
DAMN! AND BOUGHT ALL THAT CREAM ON SPECIAL OFFER..
ALES
WINES
SPIRITS
THINGS WOULD CHANGE DOWN THE PUB, TOO!



NAAA.... I CAN'T SEE IT... YOU'D NEVER KEEP IT DOWN, WOULD YA? SEE Y'AAAAAAAAWLL!!!

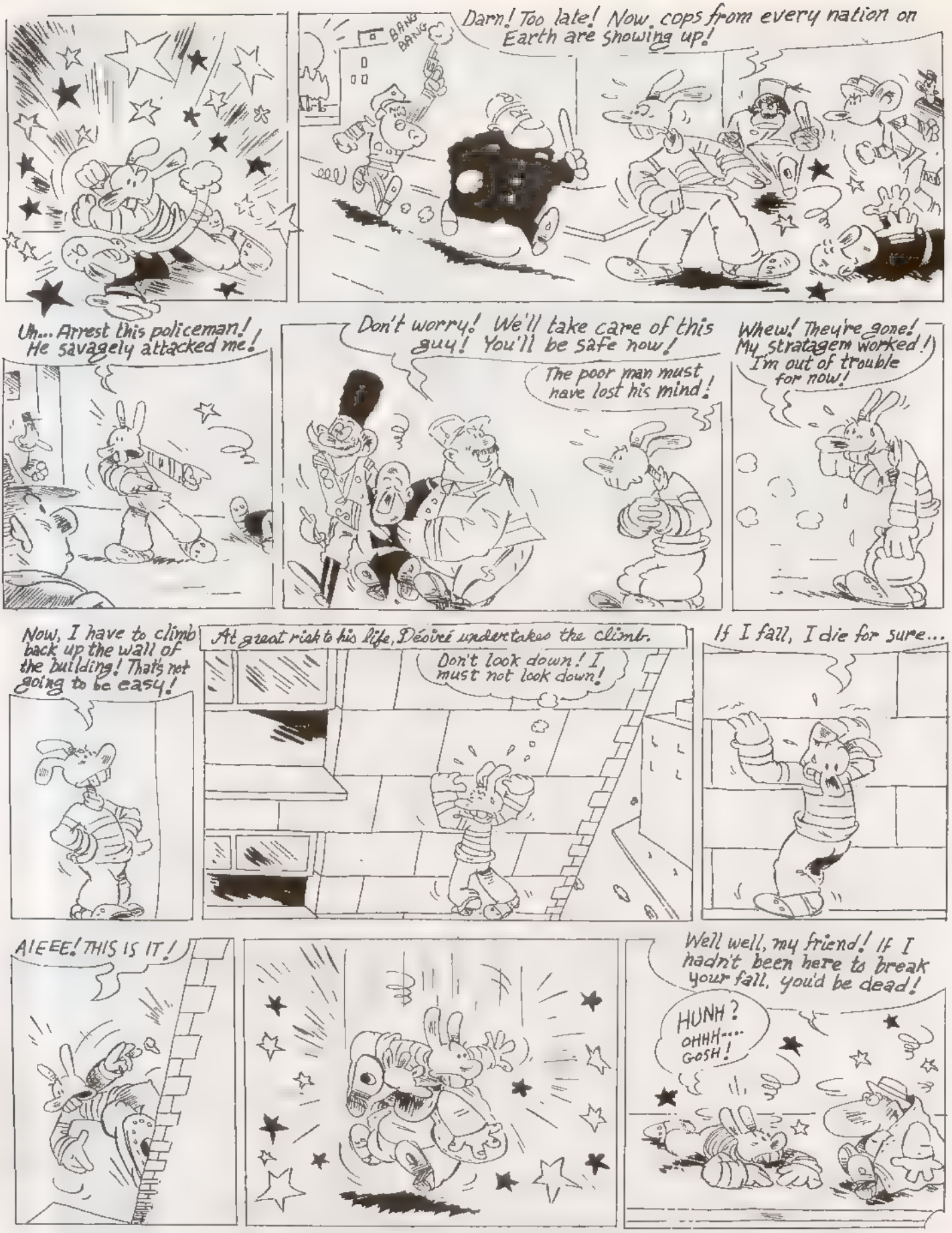
# CHANGE YOUR DRAWERS, CHANGE YOUR LIFE

© Charlie Schlingo 83



well, then, I guess I'll leave you two alone!
...especially the way YOU tell it!
I've been practicing in front of the mirror!
Fantastic! They don't even realize I'm gone, they're so wrapped up in their idiotic conversation!
You must spend hours at it!
If it works out, they'll fall for each other and I'll be a free cuckold!
Ha ha! "I want to talk to my lobster!" Where does that moron find them?
Actually, he's so terrible that the whole scheme might not work at all! She could conceiveably leave him after five minutes!
Damn it all! I didn't think it out enough!
No, they're still walking along together! Now they're going into an apartment! It's hers! I know that place!
Her light just went on! Everything's going well! The final end of love is mine!
Despite what they say, I must be some kind of poet...
But I have no proof that they're SCREWING!
I'd better make sure!
If I climb up this drainpipe I'll be able to peep over the balcony!
?
CRACK
These new buildings sure aren't built very well!
CRACK
? ? ? ?
BLING BLONG

Halt! Come down or I'll open fire!
How can I? The drainpipe has come to pieces! I'll break a leg if I jump!
CRASH
The son of a bitch wasn't kidding! I have to try to save my skin!
BANG!
BANG!!
BANG BANGITY BANG
TWEET
EEEK! Good God! Who are you? How did you get in?
Oh hell, a naked lady!
I'm calling the police!
Relax, my dear, it's all a misunderstanding! Besides, the place'll be crawling with cops in a minute!
Nice!
It's one, what?
Uh... one one eight!
It can't be helped! I must take drastic measures!
I've got to tie her up!
Damn it! She's dead! Her head hit the corner of the table! There's nothing I can do!
I gotta get out!
The cop!
BANG


Darn! Too late! Now cops from every nation on Earth are showing up!
BANG BANG
Uh... Arrest this policeman! He savagely attacked me!
Don't worry! We'll take care of this guy! You'll be safe now!
The poor man must have lost his mind!
Whew! They're gone! My stratagem worked! I'm out of trouble for now!
Now, I have to climb back up the wall of the building! That's not going to be easy!
At great risk to his life, Déoiré undertakes the climb.
Don't look down! I must not look down!
If I fall, I die for sure...
AIEEE! THIS IS IT!
Well well, my friend! If I hadn't been here to break your fall, you'd be dead!
HUNH? OHHH.... GOSH!

You're supposed to be up on the sixth floor having sex with my girlfriend! What are you doing here?
That's my twin brother that lives on the sixth floor! I live 62,500 miles from here! I was just passing by!
But if my brother is having sex with your girlfriend, I'll go up and break his face! He has no right...
No! Don't do that!
I understand you quite well! I'm going to pulverize him!
No! Leave him alone!
Since you have the same face, it would suffice if you would simply beat upon yourself!
Okay! I've disencumbered myself of this fool! Now let's move on!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
Forgetting the climb, Désiré, concealed by a clever disguise, knocks on the door of his rival...
AHEM! I'm from the gas department! I'm here to look at your pipes!
Please, do come in, and proceed!
They've been talking to each other like idiots for hours! I'll spy on them for a little while!
I eat spaghetti a lot!
Me too!
I can't believe it! What a stupid conversation!
...and when I cook it, I can almost hear it crying!
Hee hee hee! How sad!
GRR! I knew it! This jerk is too sentimental! It's taking too long!
two hours later...
Good Lord! They've completely forgotten me! I'll take advantage of the fact to eavesdrop some more!
I buy pickles a lot!
Do you realize that in the time we've been sitting here, we could have made love?
AHa!
Make love? Impossible, I'm afraid! I'm queer as a nine-dollar bill!
Ha ha ha!
Argh! The beast! GRR! All that for nothing!
OH, GRR!
END

# THE GELDINGS

GENITAL-FREE RANCHING

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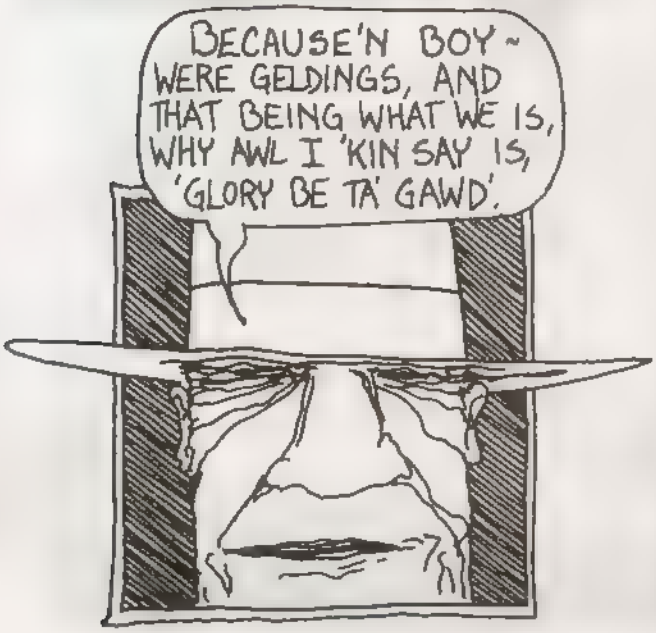
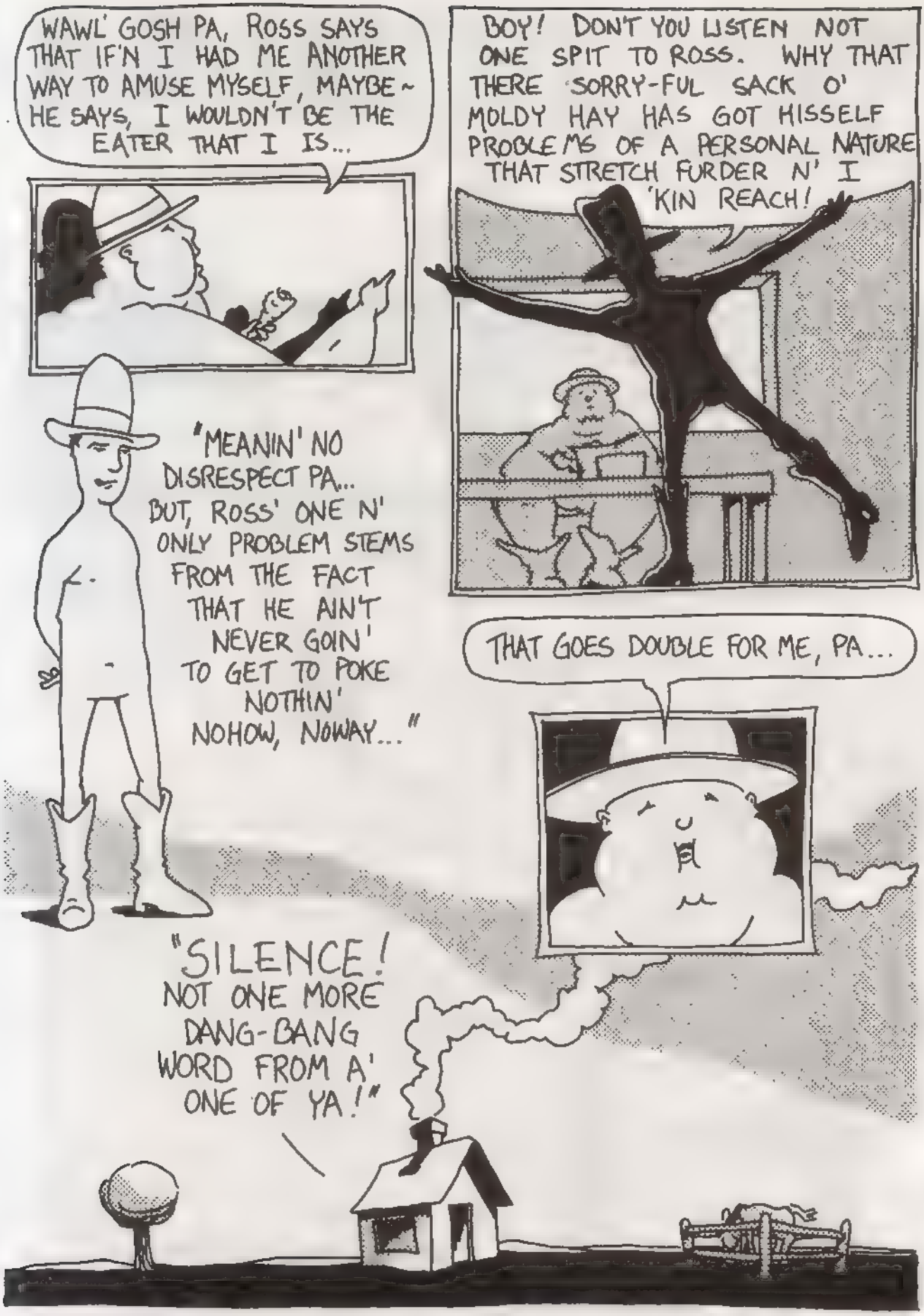
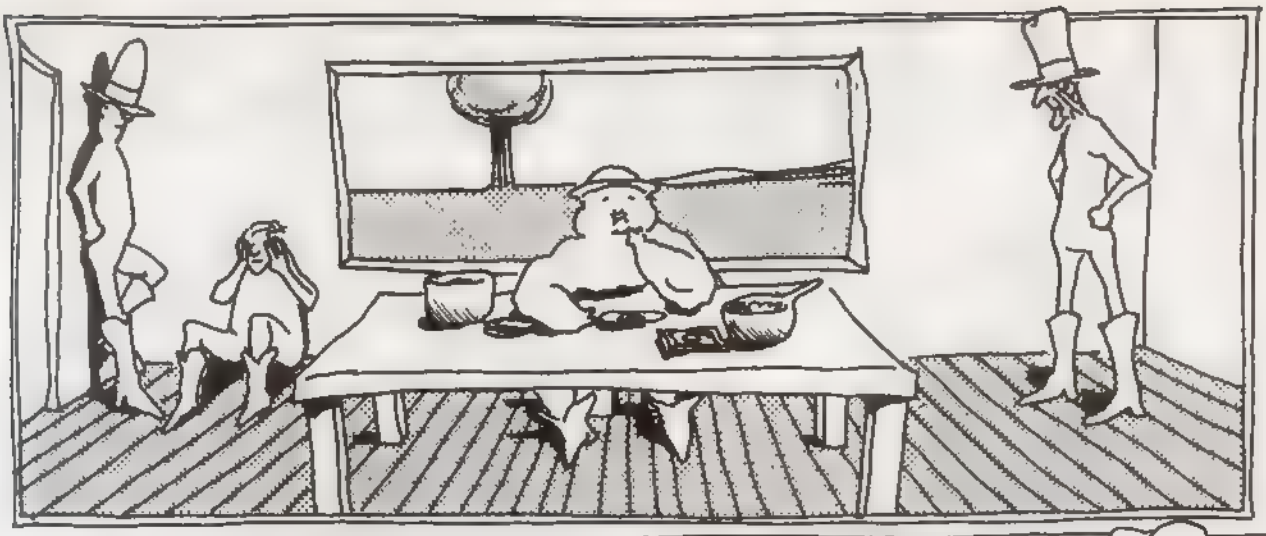
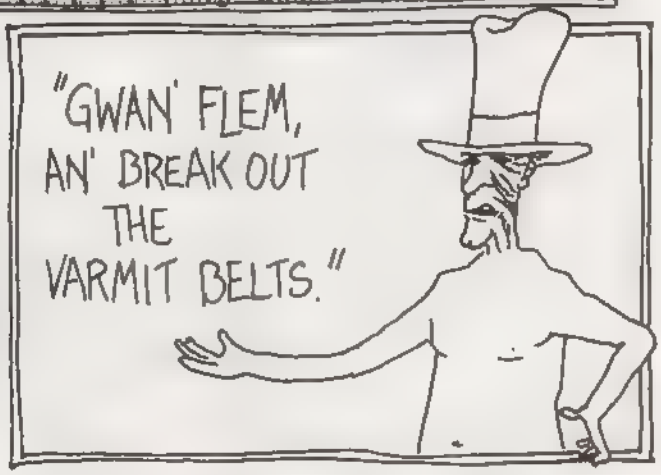
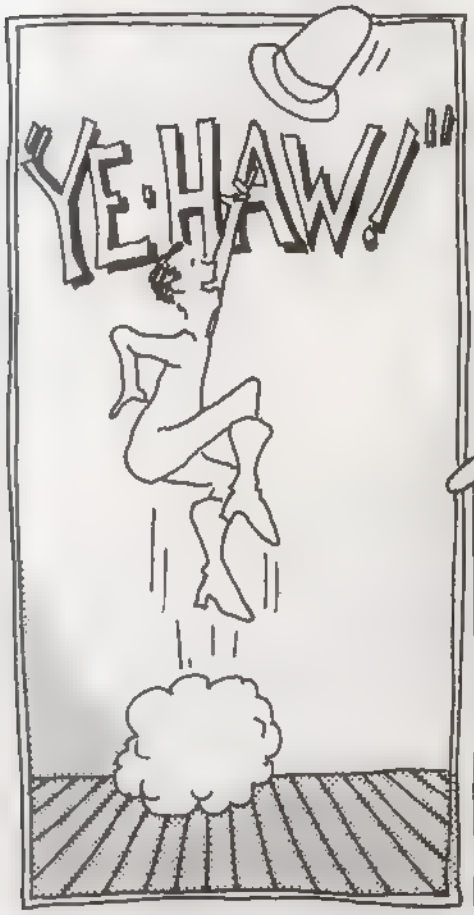



WAWL' GOSH PA, ROSS SAYS THAT IF'N I HAD ME ANOTHER WAY TO AMUSE MYSELF, MAYBE ~ HE SAYS, I WOULDN'T BE THE EATER THAT I IS...
BOY! DON'T YOU LISTEN NOT ONE SPIT TO ROSS. WHY THAT THERE SORRY-FUL SACK O' MOLDY HAY HAS GOT HISSELF PROBLEMS OF A PERSONAL NATURE THAT STRETCH FURDER N' I 'KIN REACH!
"MEANIN' NO DISRESPECT PA... BUT, ROSS' ONE N' ONLY PROBLEM STEMS FROM THE FACT THAT HE AIN'T NEVER GOIN' TO GET TO POKE NOTHIN' NOHOW, NOWAY..."
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME, PA...
"SILENCE! NOT ONE MORE DANG-BANG WORD FROM A' ONE OF YA!"



AWW, HELL.


"GWAN' FLEM, AN' BREAK OUT THE VARMIT BELTS."


"YE-HAW!"

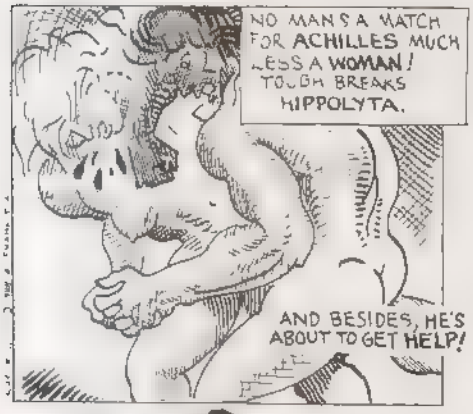
"CATCH YA' THAT THERE CRITTER ROSS~ AN' STRAP 'ER ON! US GELDINGS ARE A' RIDING INTO TOWN!"
END

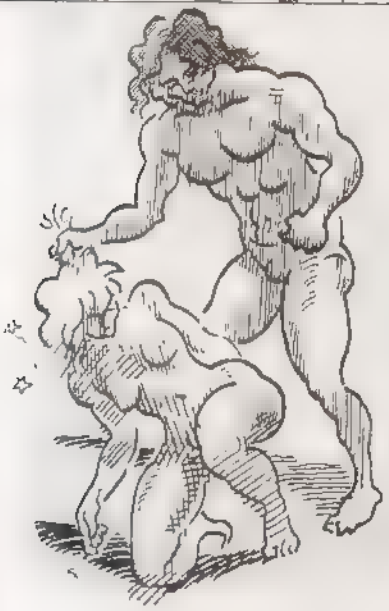
# AMAZONS

by Foolbert Sturgeon

FINAL CHAPTER

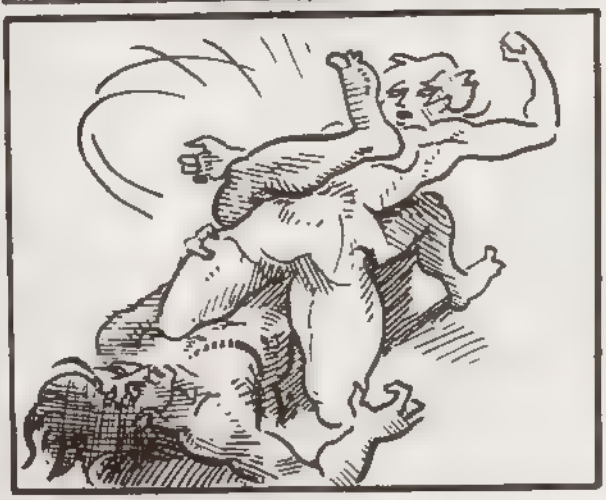
THE AMAZON CHAMPION HIPPOLYTA FINALLY CONFRONTS ACHILLES ALONE IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.



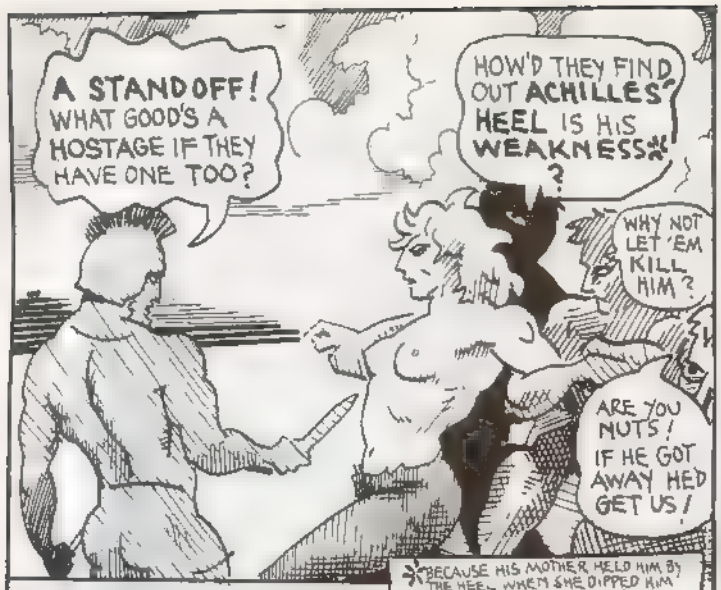



TAMARA AND GLAUCE TOP THE RIDGE AND SURVEY THE SCENE.
DAMN! NOW THE GREEKS'VE GOT BOTH OF THEM!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
IGNORE ME WILLYA ?
HEY, ACHILLES MAY NEED HELP AFTER ALL!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S INVULNERABLE!
NOT VERY INVULNERABLE

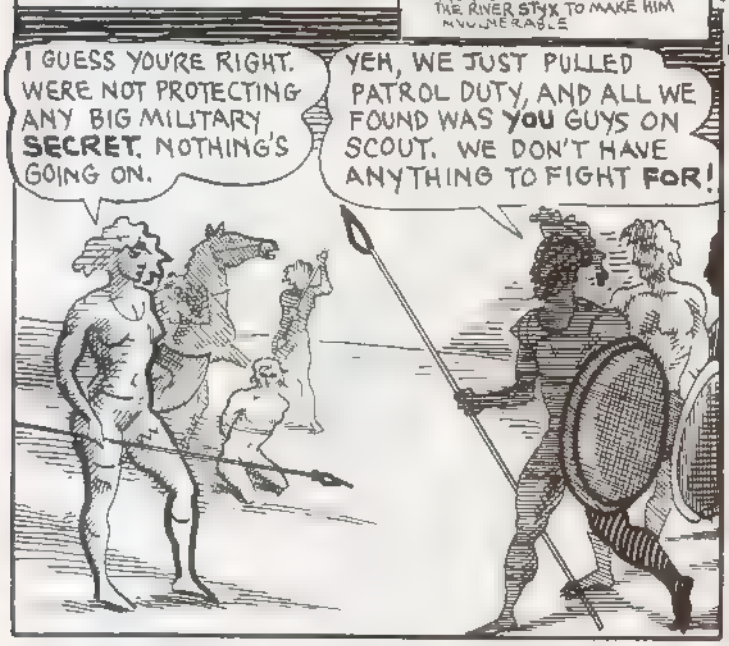


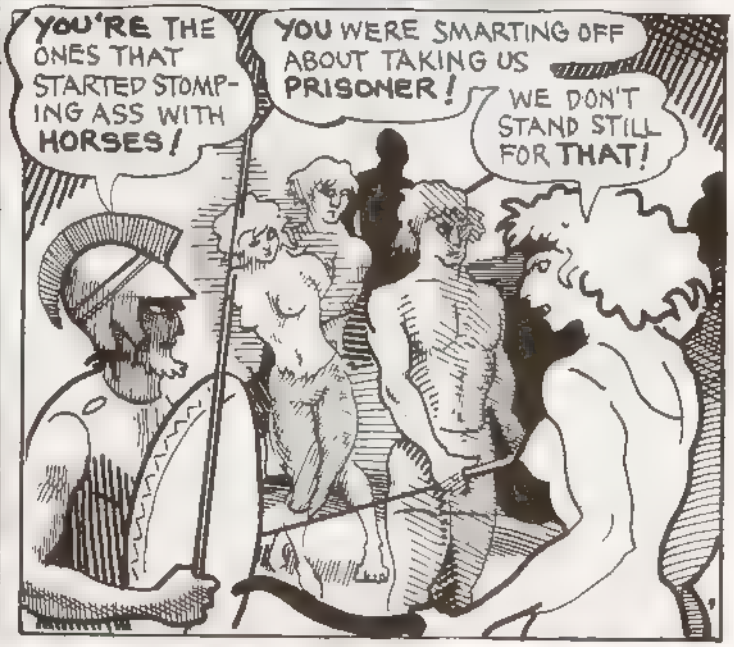
AAAAAAAAAAAA!
GIVE UP?
YES, YES
WE'VE GOT ACHILLES!
THEY'VE GOT GLAUCE!


A STANDOFF! WHAT GOOD'S A HOSTAGE IF THEY HAVE ONE TOO?
HOW'D THEY FIND OUT ACHILLES' HEEL IS HIS WEAKNESS*?
WHY NOT LET 'EM KILL HIM?
ARE YOU NUTS! IF HE GOT AWAY HE'D GET US!
*BECAUSE HIS MOTHER HELD HIM BY THE HEEL WHEN SHE DIPPED HIM THE RIVER STYX TO MAKE HIM INVULNERABLE

HEY, DO YOU AMAZONS HONOR A TRUCE FLAG?
YOU WANT TO TALK? SURE WHY NOT.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR? WHY THE DESPERATE LAST STAND BULLSHIT?


I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. WERE NOT PROTECTING ANY BIG MILITARY SECRET. NOTHING'S GOING ON.
YEH, WE JUST PULLED PATROL DUTY, AND ALL WE FOUND WAS YOU GUYS ON SCOUT. WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO FIGHT FOR!

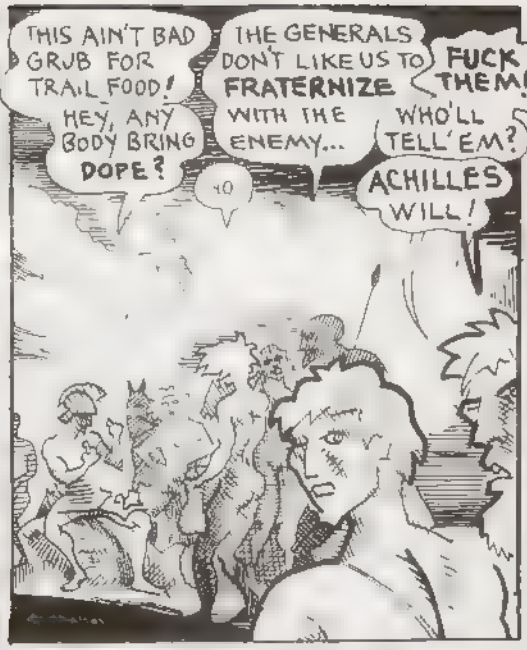

YOU'RE THE ONES THAT STARTED STOMPING ASS WITH HORSES!
YOU WERE SMARTING OFF ABOUT TAKING US PRISONER!
WE DON'T STAND STILL FOR THAT!

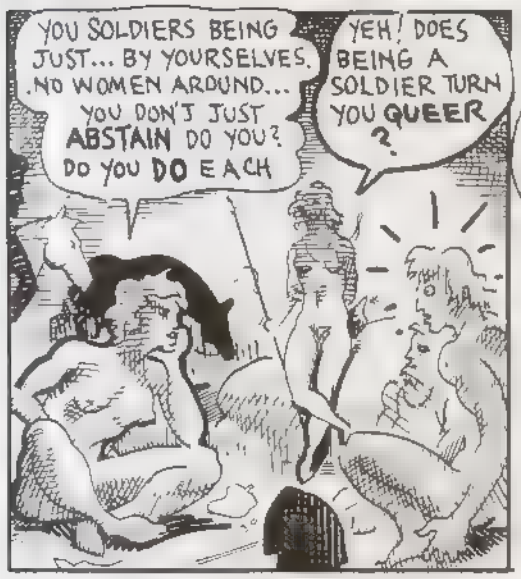
WELL, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAD A PIECE OF TAIL!
I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK! THAT'S A THING WE DON'T LIKE ABOUT MEN, NASTY TALK!

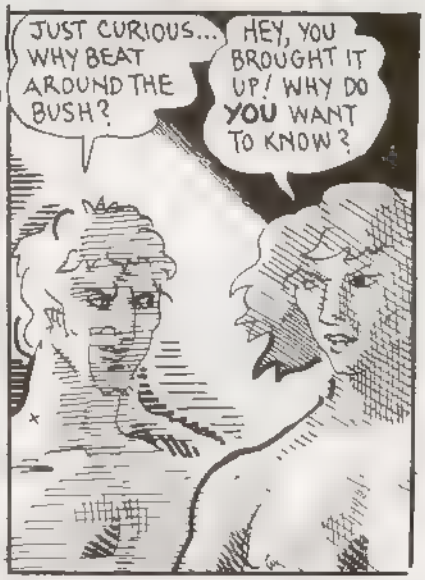
. DON'T TALK MUCH TO WOMEN, 'SPECIALLY SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DO OR DON'T LIKE.
WELL, WE AIN'T ALL ALIKE!

IF YOU WANT TO STOP FIGHTING IT'S OKAY WITH US
WE'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST YOU...

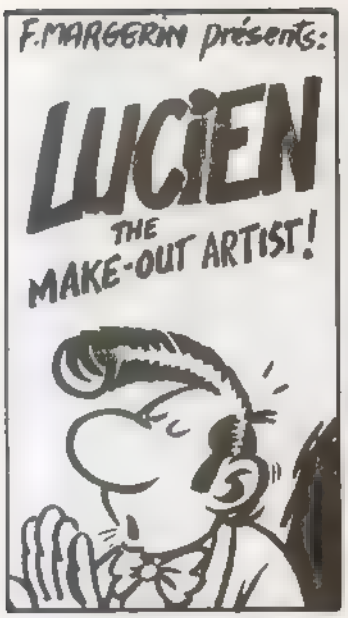
WHAT ABOUT REVENGE! THERE'S SOME OF US DEAD!
AH, CAN IT! PUT IT OFF TILL LATER. I'M TIRED.





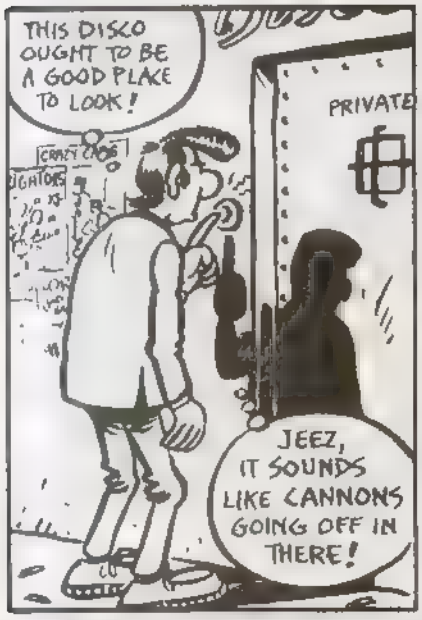


SO THE TROJAN WAR GOES ON FOREVER


F. MARGERIN présents:
LUCIEN
THE MAKE-OUT ARTIST!

I WAS JUST THINKING — HOW COME I NEVER SEE YOU WITH A GIRL?
YOU'RE SOME KIND OF SOCIAL PARIAH!
HEY, I GOT GIRLS FALLING ALL OVER ME!
THE GIRLS AVOID YOU LIKE YOU HAD THE PLAGUE!

WELL, THEN, HOW COME I DON'T SEE ANY LYING AROUND ON THE FLOOR?
I JUST DON'T INTRODUCE THEM TO YOU, THAT'S ALL!
YOU SURE DON'T!
ALL RIGHT! MEET ME BACK HERE LATER TONIGHT...
I'LL SHOW YOU THE KIND OF CHICK I'M ACCUSTOMED TO ASSOCIATING WITH!


THIS DISCO OUGHT TO BE A GOOD PLACE TO LOOK!
PRIVATE
JEEZ, IT SOUNDS LIKE CANNONS GOING OFF IN THERE!

CLOAK ROOM $1.00
TEN BUCKS! I'D BETTER FIND A PRIMO FOX!

HEH HEH! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH CUTIES!

DANCE DANCE
THE IMPORTANT THING IS NOT TO LOOK STUPID WHEN YOU'RE DANCING!
THERE'S A CHICK OVER THERE!

HI! YOU COME HERE OFTEN? LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE STROLL?

YOU CAN'T HEAR A THING HERE BY TH' SPEAKER!
I'LL GO OVER BY THE BAR — IT'LL BE QUIETER OVER THERE!

THAT LITTLE REDHEAD OVER THERE LOOKS NICE!
KEEP ON DANCING
A+!
ANOTHER HERE!
WAITER! BRING ME A BEER!
BEER AND ETHER HERE, PLEASE!
WAITER!
ONE SCREWDRIVER COMING UP!
THAT'S HOW TO MIX 'EM!
CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?
YEAH
I'D LOVE ONE!
CHEERS!
COULD YOU GET ONE FOR MY FIANCÉ GILBERT WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
GREAT! A SLOW NUMBER!
UH, WANNA DANCE?
NO!
DANCE?
NO!
DANCE?
NO!
DANCE?
ER.
NO!
WELL, THINGS AREN'T HOPELESS! OH NO! THEY'VE TURNED ON THE BLACK LIGHT!
SUDDENLY THERE'S THE MILKY WAY ON MY SHOULDERS!
PSST!
HUNH? WHAT...
I'D LOVE TO DANCE WITH YOU!
I'LL JUST EDGE DISCREETLY TOWARD THE EXIT...
HOUU HOUU

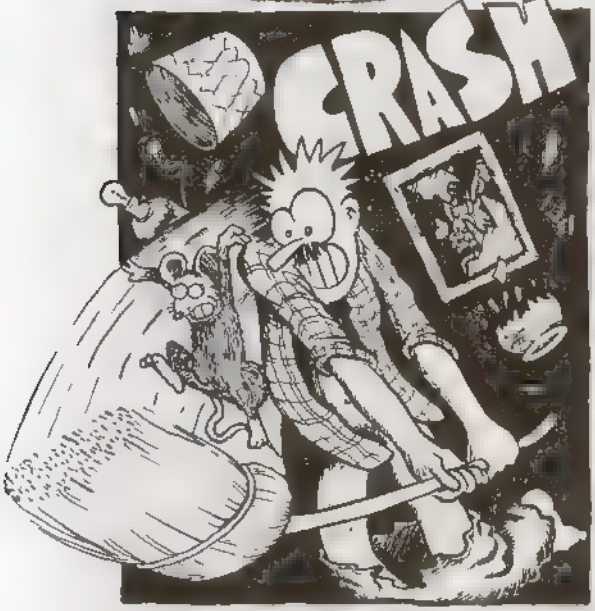
LATER...
WHEW! I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER TURN LOOSE OF ME!
I'M GOING HOME! IT'S TOO INSANE HERE!
CLOAK ROOM $100 PLUS TIP
DEAF BLIND RUN!
I'VE GOT A FEELING MAURICE IS REALLY GOING TO GIVE ME A HARD TIME!
I'M REALLY GONNA LOOK LIKE A FOOL!
FOR SURE!
...
BLAM
HE'S NOT DEAD, AT LEAST!
NO, HE'S JUST KNOCKED OUT!
LE PAUVRE MEC!
HE'S OPENING HIS EYES! IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO SERIOUS! WE CAN TAKE HIM TO THAT CAFÉ OVER THERE TO RECUPERATE!
YOU'LL ALL STILL BE ON TIME FOR THE "MISS WORLD" CONTEST!
AT THE CORNER CAFÉ:
HA HA! I CAN IMAGINE WHAT KIND OF CHICK HE'LL BRING!
IF HE EVEN FINDS ONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
HE'LL SAY THERE WERE SO MANY THAT HE COULDN'T CHOOSE!
WAITER! A PICK-ME-UP FOR OUR FRIEND! HE NEEDS IT!
HUH?!
END
© F. MARGERIN · 1.86

# NIGHT OF THE RAT-PUSSY!

A TRUE STORY OF ANIMAL LUST AND CRUELTY BY R.L. GRABB ©1987

MERE MINUTES LATER...
..WHAT THE HELL?... OH NO!..HE CAUGHT ANOTHER RAT!
GONNA FUCK OR WHAT?
SHIT!...I'M GETTING LIMP!! I GOTTA GET THAT FUCKING DEAD RAT OUT OF HERE SO I CAN FUCKING CONCENTRATE!
UH, EXCUSE ME FOR JUST A SECOND! HEH-HEH!
SIGH
OKAY, WHISKER-DICK...
PURRRR
..I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, SO I WON'T KICK YER ASS THIS TIME, BUT...
..OH FUCK... ..IT'S STILL ALIVE!
..HERE KITTY KITTY...GOOOD KITTY...
...I GOT YOU A GOOD ONE..
..HE'LL LIVE THROUGH HOURS OF TORTURE!
..YER DEAD MEAT, ASSHOLE!!
EEEK!
UH OH!

RAT!
RAT!
RAT!
WE'LL SAVE YOU!
WHAT IS THIS "WE" BULLSHIT?


CRASH

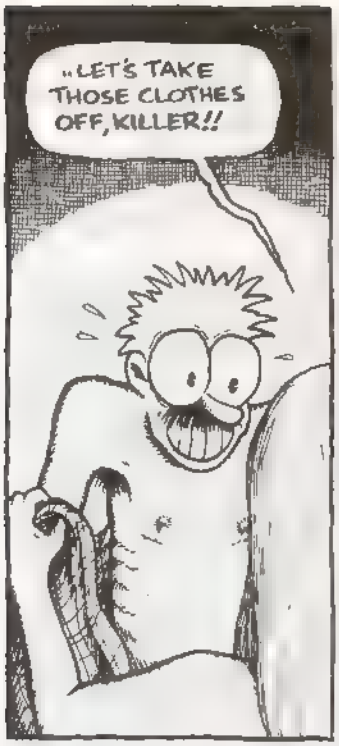
JESUS

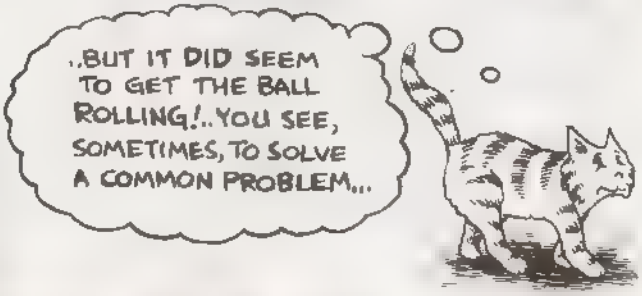
HO!

..THE BEAST IS DEAD!..WHEW! WAT A WORKOUT!!

WELL, I GUESS I BLEW THAT ONE..SORRY...
SORRY...?

COME TO ME, MIGHTY HUNTER!






OH OH OH

..IT HELPS TO FIND A COMMON ENEMY!!

YAHH!

..OR SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG RAT!!

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR PERFECT MASTER MADE YOU A PERFECT SLAVE? SELF-HELPED YOURSELF INTO SELF-DELUSION? BEEN BORN AGAIN BUT NOBODY CHANGES YOUR SPIRITUAL DIAPERS? DID YOU SHAVE YOUR HEAD FOR GOD, OR NOT SHAVE YOUR HEAD FOR GOD? PERHAPS, THEN, YOU ARE ANOTHER HELPLESS VICTIM OF DREADFUL

# GURUNOIA!

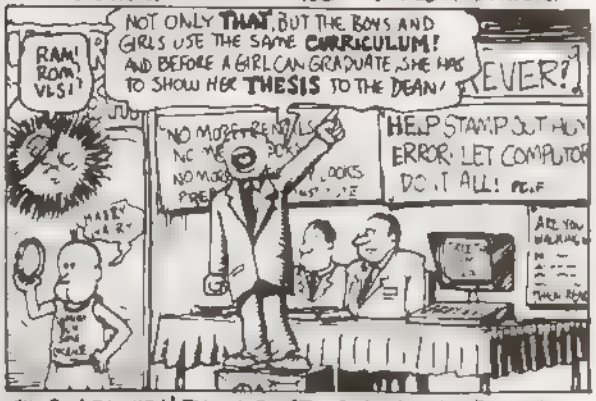
AS WE ENTER **GURUCON 88** WE ARE GREETED AT THE DOOR BY GENIAL **SRI ADENOIDANDA**, OUR HOST. AS NOTHING HE SAYS MAKES ANY SENSE AT ALL, WE WILL IGNORE HIM AND GO ON.

AT A BOOTH CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF **POLAR BEAR SKIN** AND BONES, WE FIND MIGHTY **QUIXOR** THE **ESKIMO** (REMEMBER HIM?) TEACHING NOVICES TO **JUMP** FOR **JOY!**

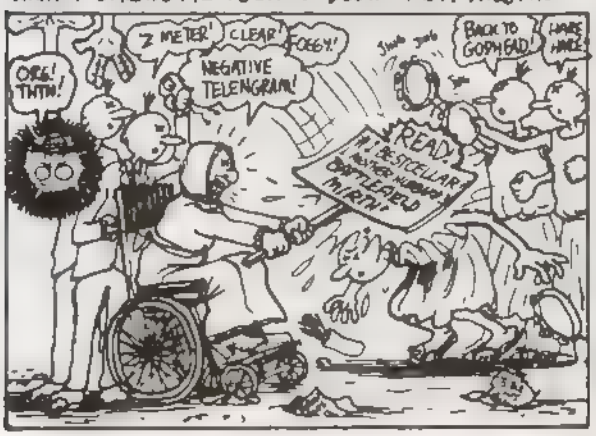
FURTHER ON, WE FIND THE **GURU** OF **STOCKBROKERS, SRI DIVIDENDA**, PASSING OUT **FREE** ADVICE TO TRUE BELIEVERS!

THE **GURUS** OF **MATHEMATICS**, SRI ADDANSUBTRACKTA, SWAMI MULTIPLICANDA, AND SRI MAHARISHI DIVISIDANDA, ARE CONDUCTING A DISCUSSION WITH A **REPROGRAMMER** FROM ITELL. SEEMS TO BE SOME DISAGREEMENTS....

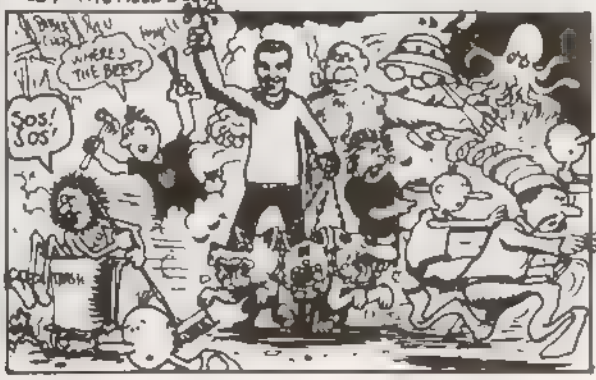
THE **REPROGRAMMING PROGRAMMERS** HAVE A BOOTH WHERE THEY STRIVE TO CONVINCE PASSERS THAT MATH IS AN OCCULT PLOT FROM THE EAST, INVOLVING BIZARRE MENTAL DISCIPLINES, AND IT IS **TAUGHT IN SCHOOL!** HELP SAVE YOUR CHILDREN FROM THIS MENTAL SCOURGE! BUY THEM A CALCULATOR! THROW OUT THOSE PENCILS AND PAPER!




UH-OH! TROUBLE! SEEMS LIKE L. MOTHER HUBBARD AND HIS **SMARTOLOGISTS** ARE HAVING AT THE **HAIRY KIRSHNERS!** CLEARLY A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF HOLY WARFARE! AND WHAT! IT SPREADS FROM BOOTH TO BOOTH LIKE A WILDFIRE!




JUMPIN' JAHWEH! THE ULTIMATE GURU HAS COME TO THE RESCUE! J. "BOB" DOBBS, WITH A CREW OF APOSTATIC U.F.O.S, BIGFEET, ELDER GODS, MUTANT SUBGENII AND XSISTS, HAS COME TO THE TEMPLE TO PUNISH THE PINKBOYS! SO AS GURUCON 88 IS BEATEN INTO THE GROUND, WE BID A HASTY "I DO" AND CLEAR THE HELL OUT!



# HOT CUISINE

SOMEWHERE IN THE RUINS OF THE CITY....
THERE MUST BE ONE DOWN IN HERE! SEE THE LITTLE CHIMNEY?
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!
YUP! SURE ENOUGH!
I WAN' 'IM! I'M HONGRIER THAN YOU ARE!
SO WHAT? YOU DIN'T SEE 'IM!
I'LL BUST YOU INNA CHOPS...
THEY'RE FIGHTING! MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY....
THERE HE GOES!
OH, RATS!
I KNOW I SHOULD'VE FINISHED THAT LASER HARPOON GUN...
I GOT HIM!
FAR OUT!
YEEEAGH!
LOOK, RILLY, YOU DON'T WANT TO EAT ME! I'M WORKING ON A TECHNIQUE TO CURE MUTATION AND STOP RADIATION CANCERS! I WAS IN MY LAB AND....
KLONK!
..!...
STUPID MUTANT! JUS' 'CAUSE THEY CAN TALK DON' MEAN THAT THEY ARE REALLY SMART!
YEAH! NOW GIMME MY SHARE OR I WILL BASH IN YER HEAD WIT' MY BRICK!
YEAH. OKAY. YOU KIN HAVE THA HEAD, TAIL, HANDS AN' FEET! 6 PIECES!
WOW! AN' YOU ONLY GET ONE! THIS IS TH' LIFE!
EAT AT MUTANT JOE'S BEST IN RAT OKAY!

# BONZO IN CAMBODIA

WRITER TIM PUEYO
ARTIST GAVIN WOOD
LETTERER LISA BAKER

MY NAME IS BONZO... AND I'M IN CAMBODIA... SO FAR FROM HOME

THE ELEPHANTS HAVE UNIONIZED... THE MONKEYS ARE TERRORIZED... WE WANT TO COME HOME

WE WERE LEFT BY BOB HOPE... HE LEFT WHEN HE COULD NOT COPE... WE'RE SO FAR FROM HOME

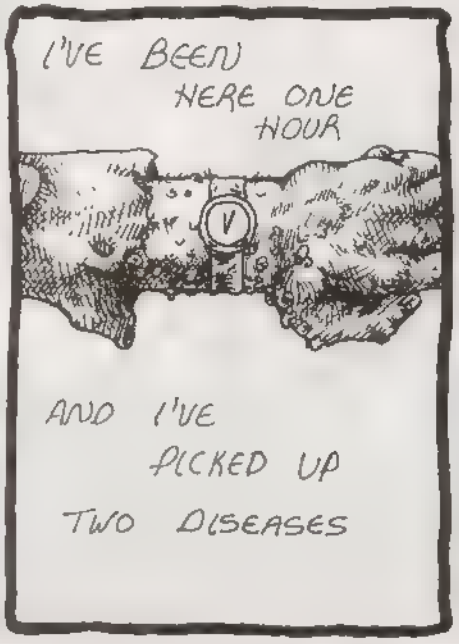
THE BEARDED WOMAN; SHAVED OFF.. FIRE EATER; BAD COUGH.. PLEASE BRING US HOME.

# BONZO IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK . YOU BIG CITY... NEW YORK

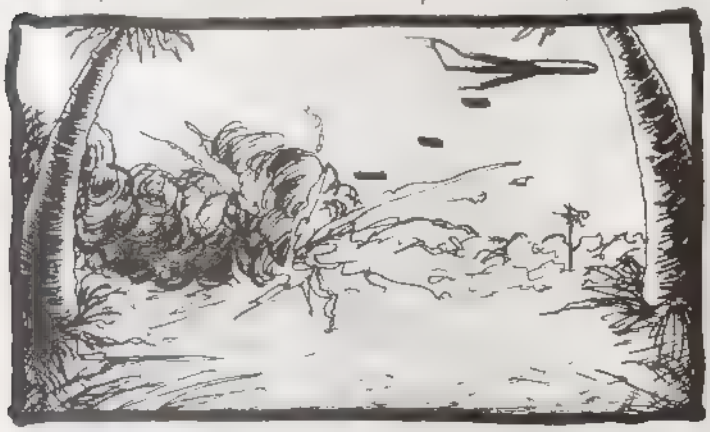
YOU'RE SUCH A BIG TEASE... I LOOK AROUND AND ALL I SEE .

ARE SLEAZES



I CAN'T BELIEVE THERE AIN'T NO TREEZES

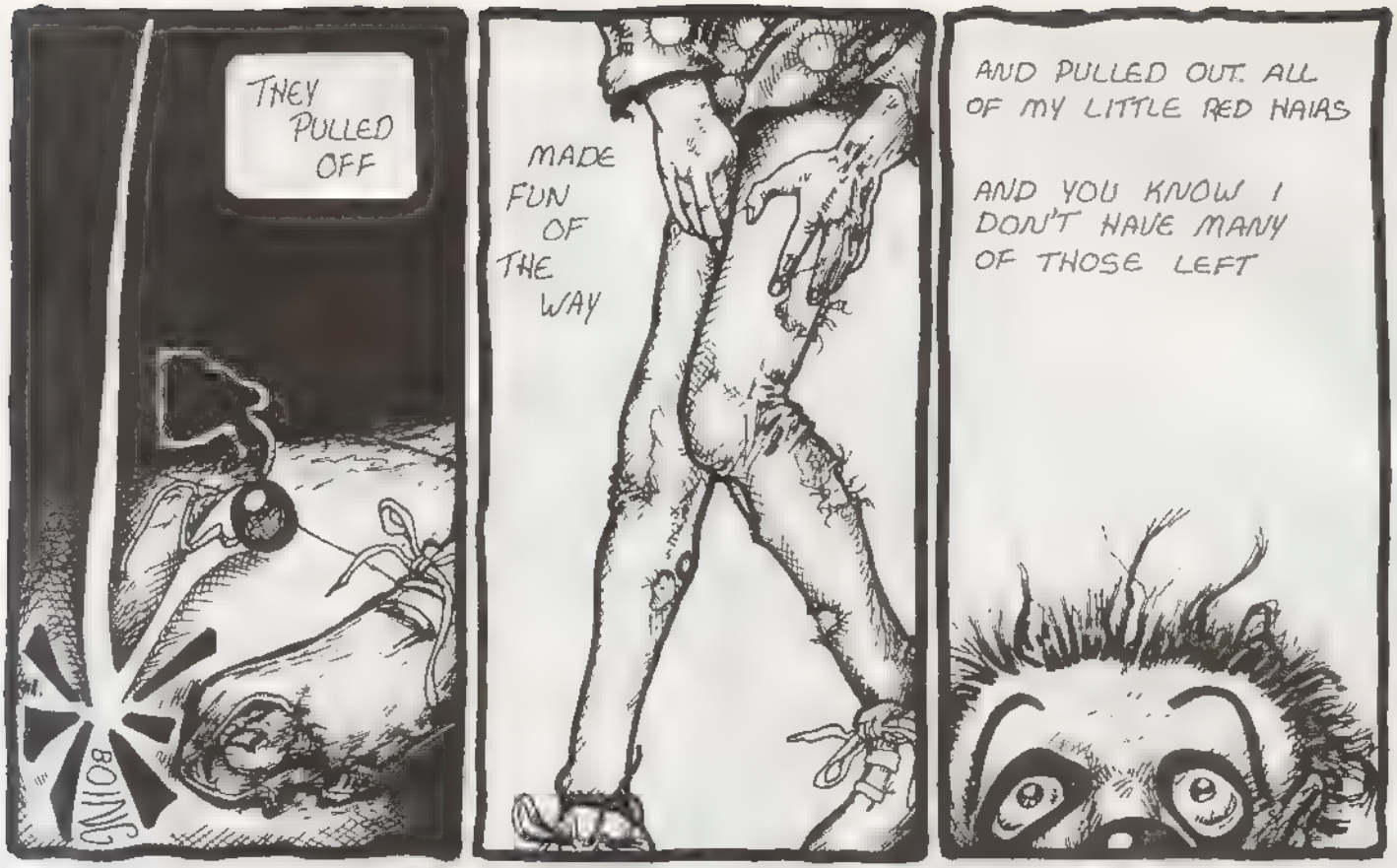
I DREAM OF THE DAYS IN THE JUNGLE DREAM OF THE RUMBLE



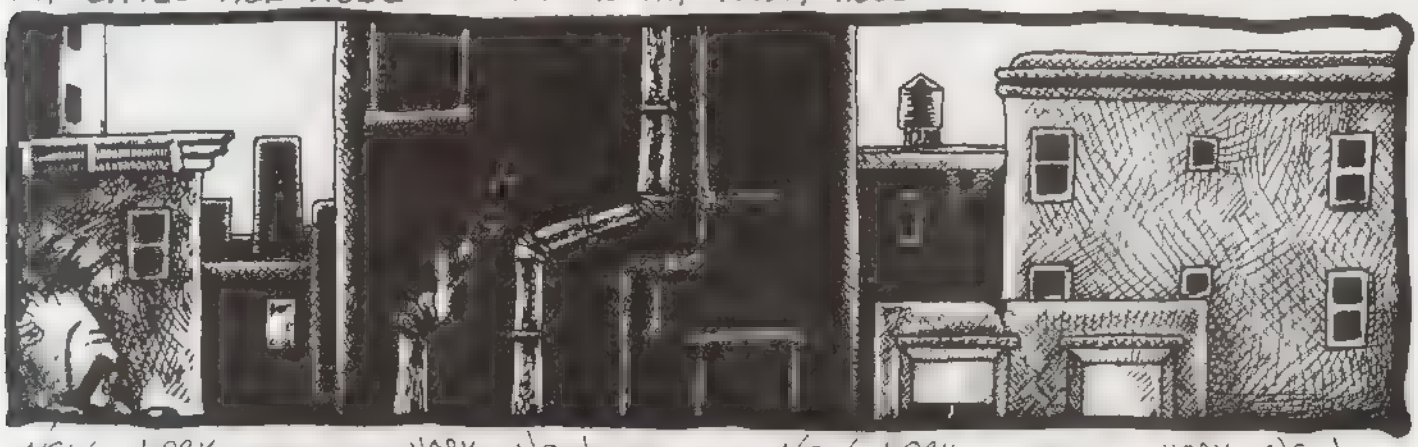
IN CAMBODIA . WHERE THE PALM TREES BEGAN TO SWAY

AND THEY SHOT... AND KILLED... THE BABY ELEPHANT KIM-KIM

I WANT TO BE... NOT IN NEW YORK




MY LITTLE RED NOSE I WORE MY PANTY HOSE



NEW YORK YORK NEW . NEW YORK . YORK NEW

I WANT TO GO BACK NOT TO NEW YORK

# Sexley's BELIEVE it or NUTS!

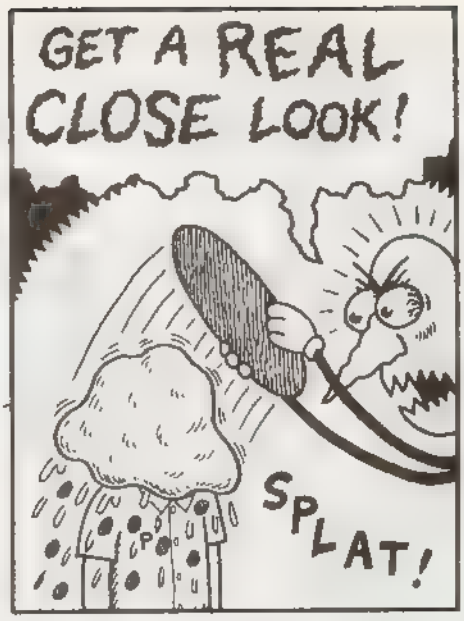
by Ace Backwords © 1988

## "WHAT IS SEX"?

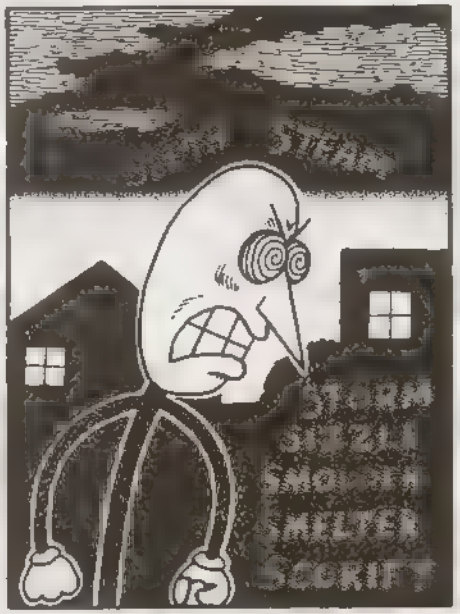
F.T.W. — WE REJOIN STICKBOY AFTER A MOCK SUICIDE.

PRIDE?! YOU EXPECT ME TO HAVE PRIDE MAKING A GOD DAMNED PIZZA?!!

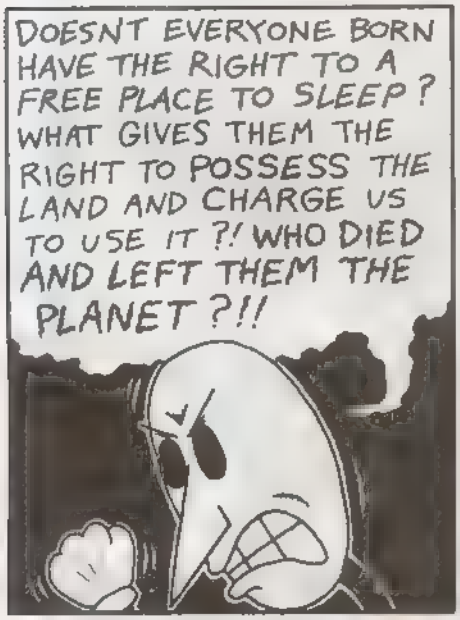
I'M SO PROUD OF THIS PIZZA! ISN'T IT A MASTERPIECE? JUST LOOK AT IT!


GET A REAL CLOSE LOOK!
SPLAT!

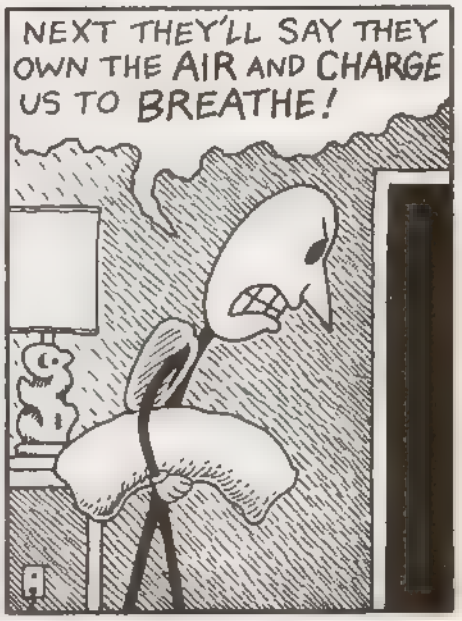
SCREW'EM! SCREW THE WHOLE GOD DAMNED WORLD!



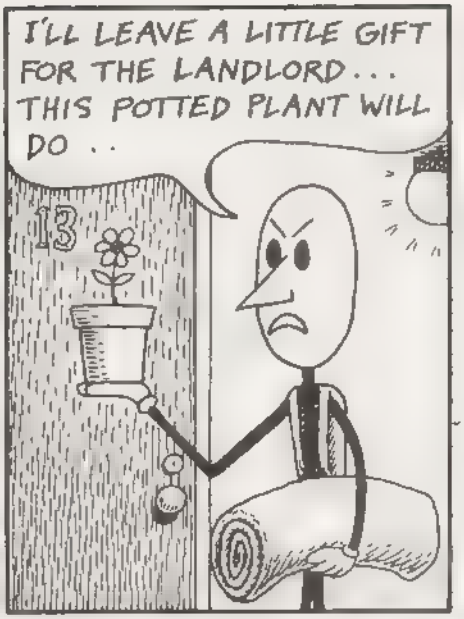
500 BUCKS A MONTH FOR THIS STINKIN' LITTLE SHITHOLE OF AN APARTMENT!
WHY SHOULD PEOPLE HAVE TO PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF A LEGAL PLACE TO SLEEP?!

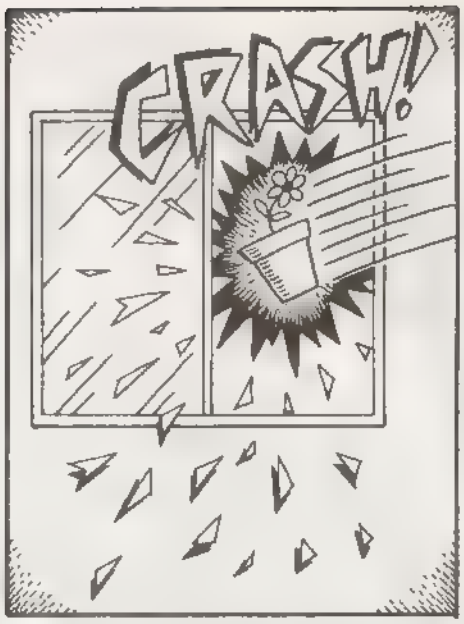

DOESN'T EVERYONE BORN HAVE THE RIGHT TO A FREE PLACE TO SLEEP? WHAT GIVES THEM THE RIGHT TO POSSESS THE LAND AND CHARGE US TO USE IT?! WHO DIED AND LEFT THEM THE PLANET?!!

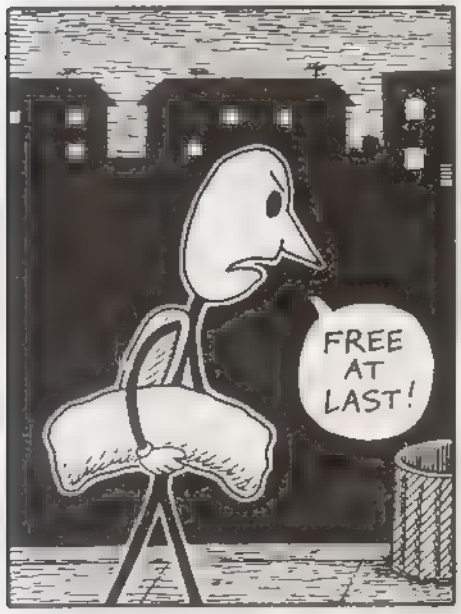
I OWN THE PLANET JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE AND I'M GONNA GO LIVE ON IT FOR FREE!

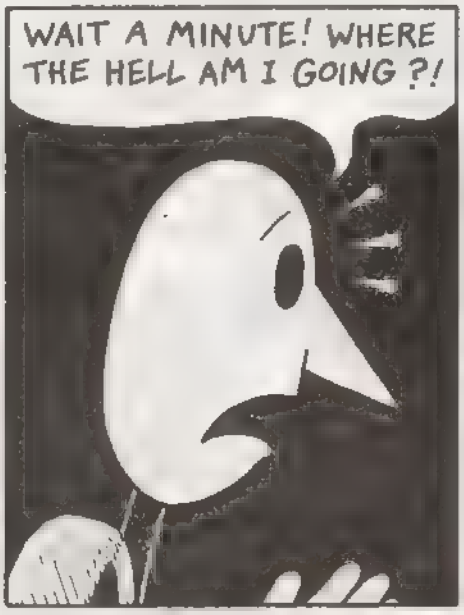

NEXT THEY'LL SAY THEY OWN THE AIR AND CHARGE US TO BREATHE!

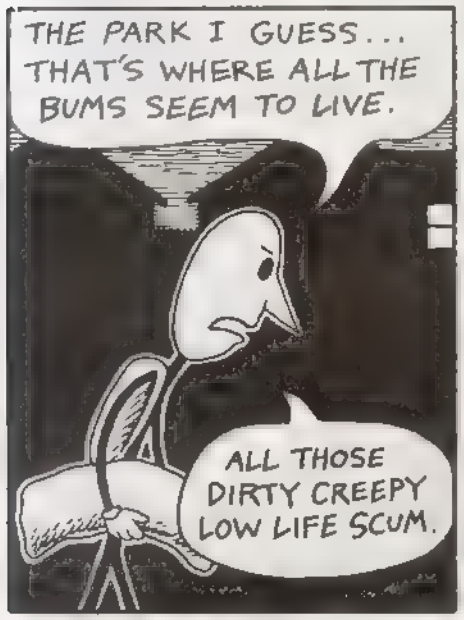
THE STINKING BASTARDS! WELL I AIN'T PLAYIN' THEIR GAME ANYMORE! THEY WON'T HAVE STICK-BOY TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE !!!

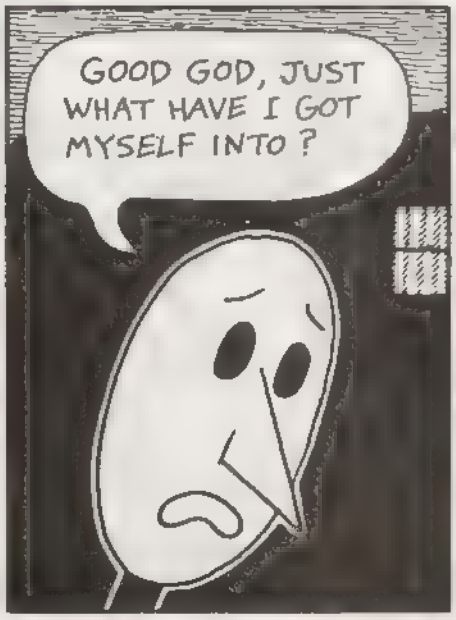

I'LL LEAVE A LITTLE GIFT FOR THE LANDLORD... THIS POTTED PLANT WILL DO ..
13

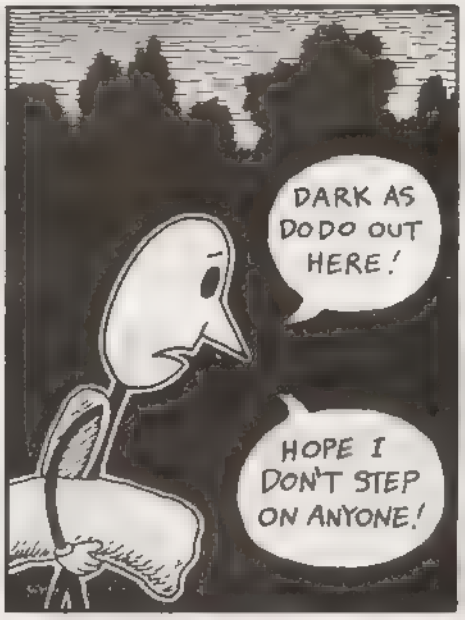

CRASH!

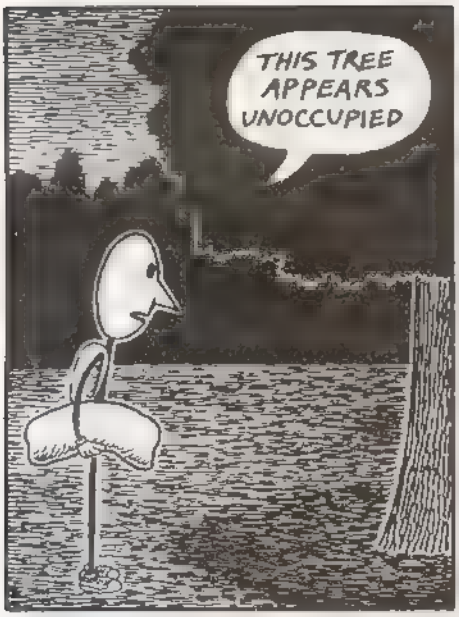

FREE AT LAST!

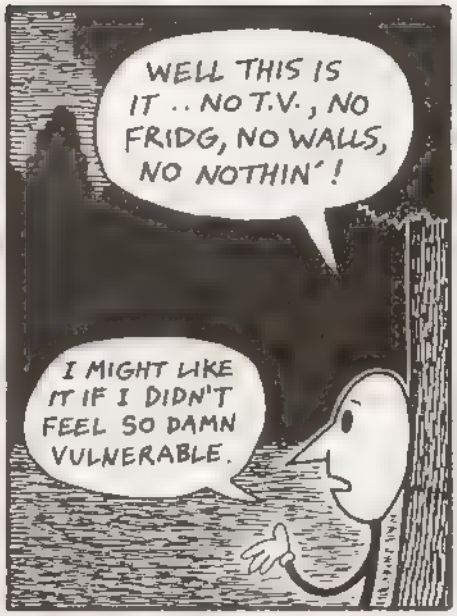

WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE THE HELL AM I GOING ?!

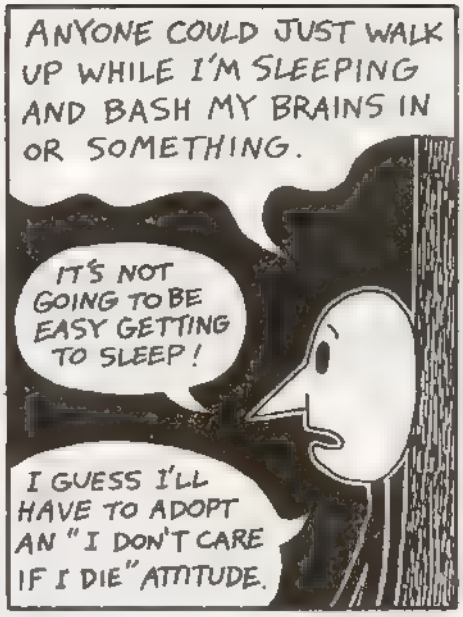

THE PARK I GUESS... THAT'S WHERE ALL THE BUMS SEEM TO LIVE.
ALL THOSE DIRTY CREEPY LOW LIFE SCUM.

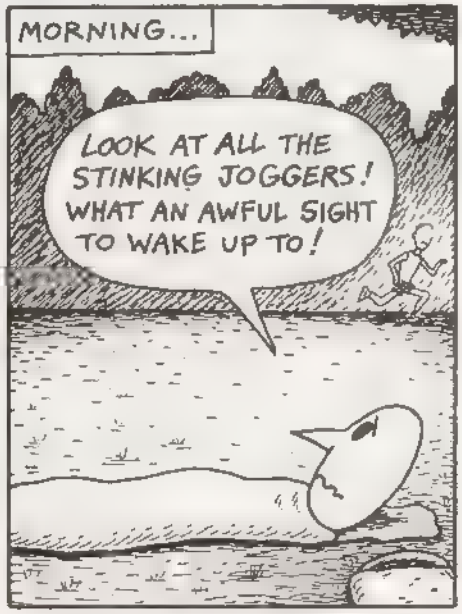

GOOD GOD, JUST WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO ?

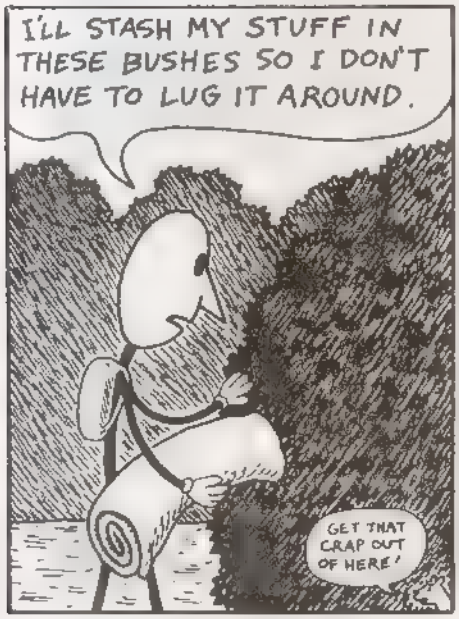

DARK AS DODO OUT HERE!
HOPE I DON'T STEP ON ANYONE!

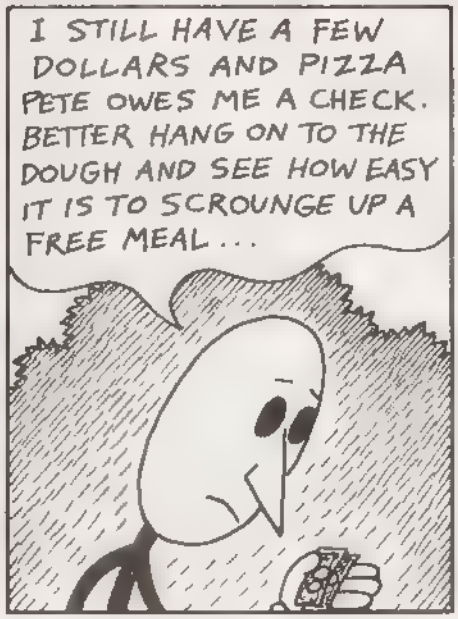




TO BE CONTINUED...

# One Day mit der Fürore.

© 1987 Elle

A factual account of National Socialist Workers Party ("Nazi") Policy 27.5.39

NO SLIPS DID I GET, BUT DER MESSIAH, MUST ARISE!

GUMSTIME FOUR DER DAILY RACE AGAINST DER CLOK VILE DA FÜRORE TIMES ME PUDDINK ON HIS TIE!

VIRST ~ VE VOCH.

VOCH! SEE, HE LUFS HER BUT SHE IST ONLY SCARED BY HIS MIGHT. TIPIKAL VOOMIN

(yonderbar!)

I AKREE, IT IS A PARABLE MY FÜRORE.

2ND FEATURE.

superb!

ALSO ID IS DER NINTH DIME DIS VEEK VE VOCH IT! (oops sorry)

AFTER DER MOOFIES, REASSURANCE MUST VROM DER QVACK BE VORTHGUMMING

♪ TWEET WHOSE AFRED OFF DER BIG BAD VULF TWEET

FOR A VEGETARIAN, MY VLATULENCE IS VORRYING. CHECK AGAIN FOR GANCER UND SIFF.

OUTSITE

YA!

TELL "VULFIE" DOT DER VILM ACTRESS IS HERE

ONE WOOD NEFER KREDIT IT. UND HIS MOTHER VAS HIS DAD'S NIECE! HE IS VENOMONOLE.

DIS SERLUDE I KAN HOLDT FOR OURSENOURS!

aston-ishing!

YAH! ID BE'S A VEAT OF INGREDIBLE VORDITUDE!

HEF A SHVEET-er, Dorothy.

DER SHTAMINA IS DEMONSHTRATED.

ALE!

PST, JOEY, IS IT TRUE OUR FÜRORE IST ONE NUT SHORT?

A GUPPLE OF DER BOYS!

YAH RUDY LEIBLING BUT DONT YOU CHUST ADORE A MONORCHID.

LOOK HANFSTAENGL, DIS PIKTUR HAS PREZICELY DER EYES OFF MINE MOTHER!

Medusa

vascinatin'!

VOT ISS?

LOOK RUDY, DIS IS DER KLASSIC PROTEKTIF POSE. FAMILIAR, YAH?

MEIN FATHER VOS A BASTARD IN ALL VAYS UND DEN SUM

BUT WAGNER VAS A GRATE FELLA ~ HE RAPED HIS VIFE WHEN SHE VOS FIFTEEN — DOT'S DER SHTUFF

PODDY TALK →

A SHNAPP OF DA JUNG FÜRORE.

OH, VOT PLUE EYES!

VOT A PITY FOR DOT NOSE!

YAH! DER TEEF IS ALL ROTTEN

NO EYELASHES GIFS DER HIP-NOTIC EFFEKT!

HE NEVER CHANGED

I PROGLAIM NEW LAWS FOR DER BOILINK OFF LOB-STERS!

LISSEN

I AM SAVIOUR OFF DA BEOPLE!

rivetting

a chenius

-INSTRUM-ENT OF DER DIVINE DESTINY!

I VILL CHANGE XMAS TO MOTHERS DAY!

ALE ME!

ARTISTS VOT PAINTS GREEN SKIES VILL BE KASTRATED!

AFTER DINNER TIL DAYLIGHT

YAH

YAH

TO PEOPLES VOT SUFFERED (UND VERSE!) FROM THEM POLICIES, WHO CAN SAY VOT? WORDS INSUFFICE: "GESTUNKENN-ATION! SUCKA-PERANJIMO!" IT WILL NEVER BE FUNNY, BUT IT IS TRUE DOT: HIS FATHER WAS HIS MOTHER'S UNCLE!"

DAS KRECT

SNORER by PAUL CARALI

KHAK
AKHARK KRAHARK
KOHK KOKH
AKHOK
KRAH KOHORK
KOF
KOF HARK
HOK
KOF
MF MOMOMM
KHAAAAA PFFFFFFFF
YAA
HUH? WHA? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
IT WAS HORRIBLE! I DREAMED YOU HAD TERMINAL CANCER!
IT'S NOTHING. JUST A NIGHTMARE.
I KNOW.
THERE WAS PUS EVERYWHERE
GREEN AND RUNNY.
I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?
KNOCK IT OFF, THEN. JUST LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE TONIGHT, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
KAHHH
KHAAAA PFFFFF
IKHOOOO AKHOOOO
ROOOOO PFFFFFF
ARAAAAA PFFFFFFF
PF

DAM BDAM BOM
TURN ME LOOSE! I'LL KILL HER!
HOLD ME BACK!
HUH?
I'LL SLICE YOUR SKIN OFF!
KILL IT BEFORE IT MULTIPLIES!
KLOB
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR ACT, CAN WE GO TO SLEEP, MAYBE?
RIGHT YOU ARE, LIGHT OF MY LIFE. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY I CAN'T DROP OFF.
MAYBE IT WAS THE CHICKEN CURRY.
MY DEAR, I MUST CONFESS THAT THE SOUND OF YOUR SNORING DRIVES ME CRAZY WITH LUST.
DOES IT?
IT EXCITES ME SEXUALLY, YOU KNOW. LIKE SOFT, WET KISSES ON MY MOST SENSITIVE REGIONS. THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE.
REALLY.
I DIDN'T REALIZE.
I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT.
SNORE, MY LOVE, SNORE!
DO IT FOR ME! OH, GOD!
I'LL TRY.
RROOOOOOO PFFFFFFFFF
AJAX
DRANO
VANISH
SANI-FLUSH
OGL OGL OGL
SANI-FLUSH
DRANO
DESTOP
BLOUC BLOUC BLOUC BLOUC
BLOUC
3

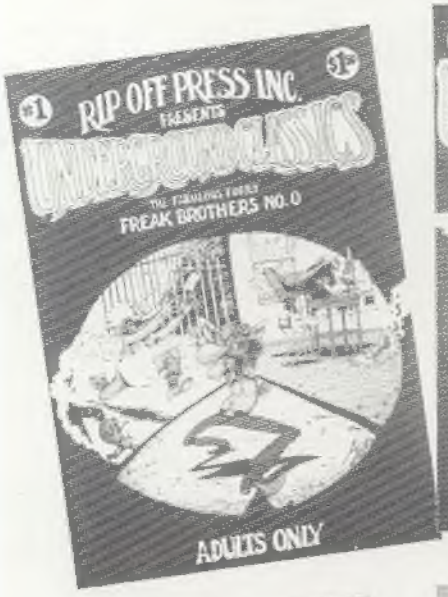
KHAK
AH?
RRRRPFFFFF
RHOOOO
PFFFFF
RRRR
ACHLOP
ACHLOP
GLUAR!
ZLOP
MMMMM
KRR
RRAAA
PFFFFFFFF
KHRÔÕÕÕ
PFFFFFFFF
© CARALI

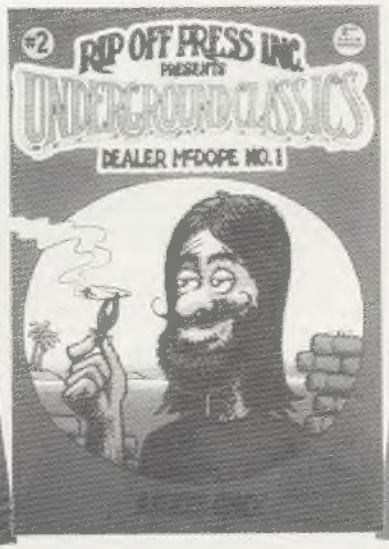
# UNDERGROUND CLASSICS

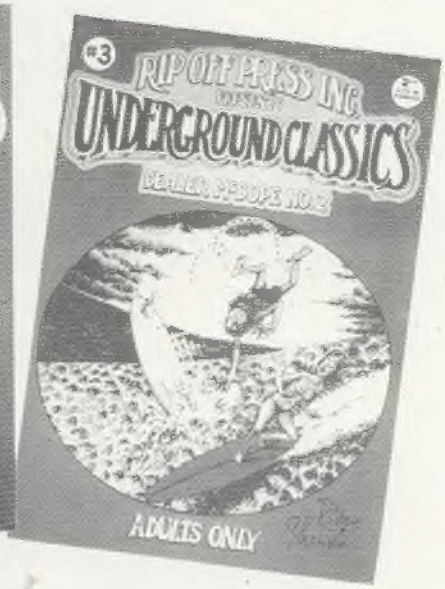
**EVEN UNDERGROUND COMIX HAVE HAD A**

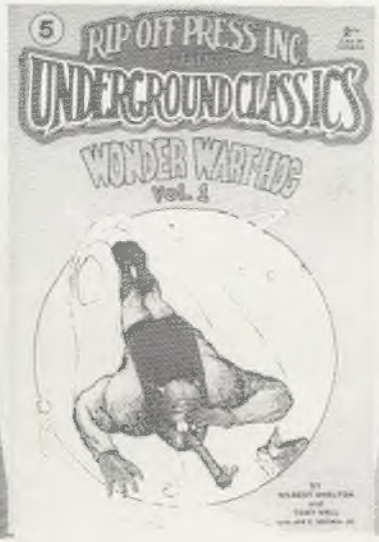
## GOLDEN AGE

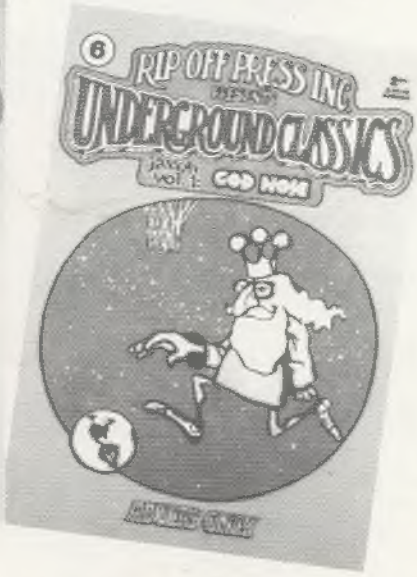
**THE REVOLUTIONARY 60'S WITNESSED A SURGE OF UNCONVENTIONAL GRAPHIC HUMOR BY SOME REMARKABLE ARTISTIC GENIUSES. RIP OFF PRESS IS PROUD TO BRING YOU THIS FINE SERIES, COLLECTING THE BEST EARLY WORK BY GREATS SUCH AS GILBERT SHELTON, DAVE SHERIDAN, GREG IRONS AND JACK JACKSON FROM OUT-OF-PRINT, OUTRAGEOUS UNDERGROUNDS OF THE 60'S AND EARLY 70'S.**



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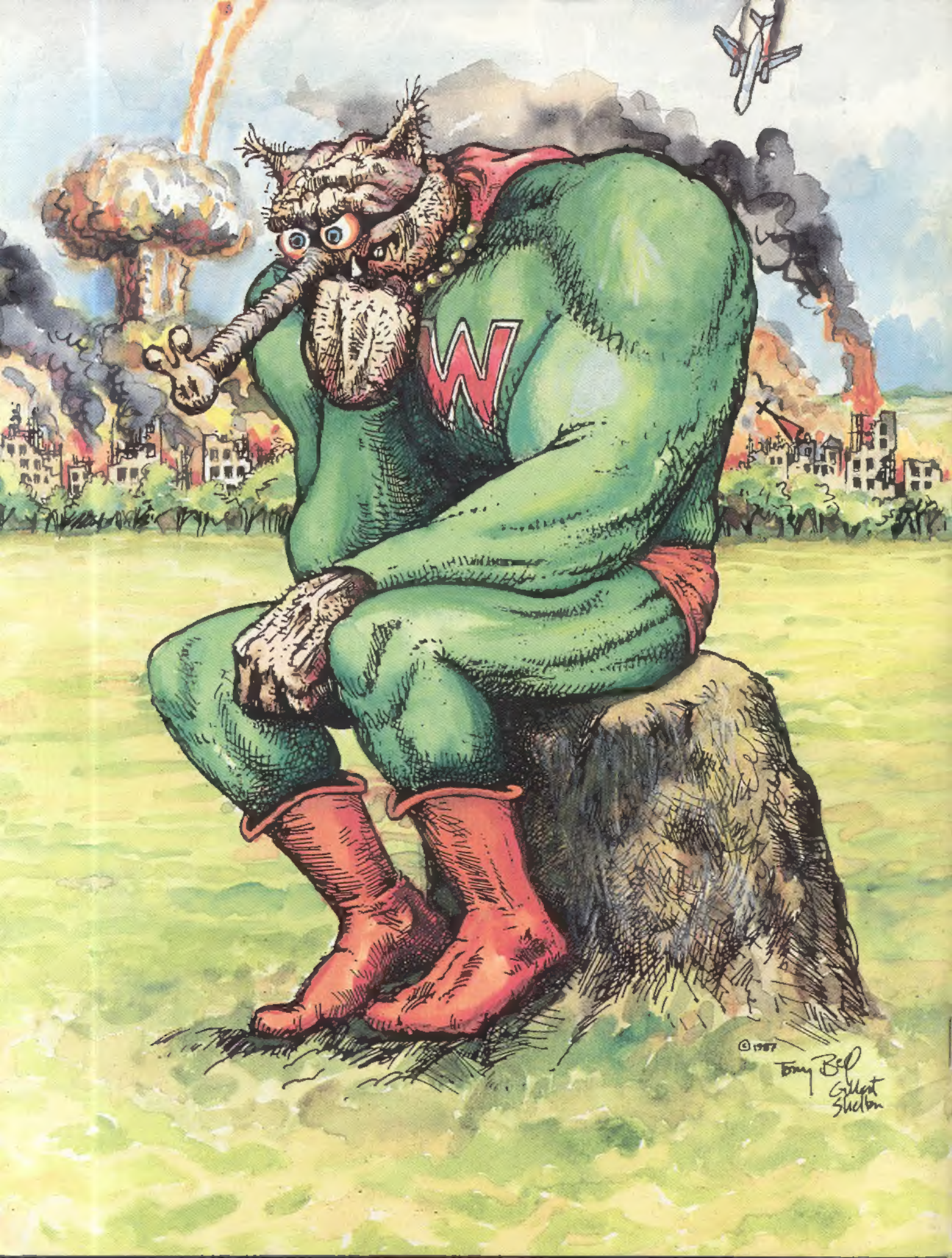
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